

F

46

.S69



Glass _____

Book _____

FIRST REUNION
OF THE
SONS OF VERMONT,

AT
WORCESTER, MASS., FEBRUARY 10th, 1874.

A D D R E S S
OF
HON. CLARK JILLSON;

TOGETHER WITH
TOASTS, SENTIMENTS, SPEECHES, POETRY AND SONG.

SPECIALLY REPORTED FOR PUBLICATION.



WORCESTER:
PRINTED BY CHARLES HAMILTON,
PALLADIUM OFFICE.

1874.

exp

FIRST REUNION
✓
OF THE
SONS OF VERMONT,

AT
WORCESTER, MASS., FEBRUARY 10th, 1874.

A D D R E S S
OF
HON. CLARK JILLSON;

TOGETHER WITH
TOASTS, SENTIMENTS, SPEECHES, POETRY AND SONG.

SPECIALLY REPORTED FOR PUBLICATION.



WORCESTER:
PRINTED BY CHARLES HAMILTON,
PALLADIUM OFFICE.
1874.

SONS OF VERMONT.

OFFICERS OF THE ORGANIZATION.

PRESIDENT.

HON. CLARK JILLSON, of Whitingham.

VICE PRESIDENTS.

SAMUEL E. HILDRETH, of Brattleboro.

IRA G. BLAKE, of Peacham.

SECRETARY.

SAMUEL V. STONE, of Eden.

TREASURER.

JAMES S. ROGERS, of Danby.

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE.

RANSOM M. GOULD, of Newfane.

JAMES J. RUSS, of Hartland.

CHARLES G. PARKER, of Wolcott.

EDWARD L. SPALDING, of Sharon.

GEORGE L. BLISS, of Whitingham.

A D D R E S S.

Ladies and Gentlemen,

Sons and Daughters of Vermont:

WHATEVER may have been the inclination of my fellow citizens of Massachusetts to place me under obligations to them for honors conferred, or for any mark of respect heretofore shown in private or public life, I have never been impressed by a more profound sense of gratitude than I now feel for being permitted to act as presiding officer of an organization embracing so large a number of the intelligent sons and daughters of Vermont.

We come here to renew and perpetuate the memory we cherish of our native land. It has been said that "he who forgets the fountain from whence he drank, and the tree under whose shade he gambolled in the days of his youth, is a stranger to the sweetest impressions of the human heart."

This social gathering, in this beautiful city of our adoption, bears the strongest evidence that we have not forgotten, even in our mature years, the home of our childhood, where we were first touched by an inspiration which no other nativity could produce. Those beautiful valleys, teeming with the results of persistent enterprise; those rugged hills and mountains, whose sides are furrowed by the clear waters of the restless streams that leap and foam and wind through the lowlands like silver threads; those primeval forests, whose icy branches catch the first light

of the morning sun and glimmer and sparkle like a universe of diamonds set in burnished steel, and, in the sober autumn, scatter their dying foliage tinged with the splendor of a thousand hues, cannot fail to quicken the imagination and inspire a lasting reverence for the Green Mountain State.

Vermont was discovered in the spring of 1609 by Samuel De Champlain, who left Quebec with a party, composed of French and Indians, for the purpose of exploring the country.

They followed up the St. Lawrence and Sorel rivers till they reached a large lake which was then named Champlain. They also discovered another lake which was named St. Sacrement, now known as lake George. Upon the shores of this lake they met a powerful tribe of Indians, and then and there a battle was fought, Champlain and his men being victorious.

More than a century elapsed before any settlement was made, and during this time northern Vermont became and was the common battle-ground of various Indian tribes belonging to New England and New York. This was also a period of conquest of the most appalling character. The massacre at Salmon Falls, Schenectady, Deerfield and other places, gave general alarm, and the lives of the early settlers were in constant peril.

In 1723, Fort Dummer was constructed near Brattleborough, and there the first settlement commenced. But little progress was made till about 1760, when a large number of adventurers from Massachusetts and Connecticut turned their faces towards the Northern Star and sought new homes where the foot of civilized man had never trod. At this time the entire country west of the Connecticut River, north of Massachusetts, was known only by the name of "New Hampshire Grants," and Benning Wentworth, Governor of that colony, was disposing of these lands to the settlers, reserving five hundred acres in each township, whereby he was becoming immensely rich.

The Governor of New York issued a proclamation, Dec. 28, 1763, claiming all the territory granted by Charles II. to the Duke of York, and directed the sheriff to return the names of all those who had settled west of the Connecticut River under titles obtained from New Hampshire. This proclamation was met by one from Gov. Wentworth on the 13th of March, 1764, in which he declared the grant to the Duke of York to be void, and asserted that New Hampshire extended as far west as did Massachusetts. He told the settlers not to be intimidated, but to go forward in defence of their rights, and punish all disturbers of the peace whoever they might be.

New York applied to the Crown, by sending a spurious petition, alleged to be from the settlers themselves, praying to be annexed to New York. New Hampshire made no objection, and on the 20th day of July, 1764, the King ordered and declared "the western banks of the River Connecticut, from where it enters the province of the Massachusetts Bay, as far north as the forty-fifth degree of northern latitude *to be* the boundary line between the said two provinces of New Hampshire and New York." The people supposed the words "*to be*" were only intended to express the future, without reference to the past; but when the New York government undertook to eject the settlers from their lands, every case was decided against them, and the courts ruled that the New Hampshire grants were illegal and worthless. The people were very much oppressed and some bought their lands a second time, hoping thereby to avoid litigation and expense. At length they began to associate together for mutual defence, and to resist the courts and officers of New York. Meetings and conventions were held, and resolutions adopted by both parties full of the spirit of revolution. Under the leadership of Ethan Allen, Remember Baker and Seth Warner, the Vermonters organized armed resistance to the oppression of New York, and

every officer who undertook to enforce a process of ejectionment was stripped, tied to a tree and whipped with a beech rod, which was called the "beech seal."

This trouble lasted for ten years, and was carried on in a spirit of extreme bitterness and revenge throughout the State. Although it had a tendency to retard civilization, it aroused a spirit of courageous self defence, so much needed a few years later in the great struggle for American independence.

At length the Governor of New York issued a proclamation commanding Ethan Allen, Seth Warner, Remember Baker, Robert Cochran, Peleg Sunderland, Silvanus Brown, James Breakenridge and James Smith to surrender themselves within thirty days under pain of conviction of felony and death, without benefit of clergy, and offering a bounty of one hundred and fifty pounds for the capture of Allen, and fifty pounds for each of the others. One John Monroe, thinking to secure a reward, collected together twelve or fifteen Yorkers and appeared at Baker's house in Colchester, early in the morning, March 22, 1772. They broke down the door and attacked Baker and his wife in a most savage and brutal manner. One of Mrs. Baker's arms was so severely cut that she never recovered the use of it. Baker had one of his thumbs cut off, the cords upon his hands severed and was otherwise bruised and wounded. He was then put into a sleigh and threatened with instant death if he made any noise. In this condition he bid farewell to his wife and children, being told by Monroe that he would be executed at Albany, and never return to them again. Before he reached Albany he was rescued by the Green Mountain boys and returned home. To match this offer of reward the leading spirits of Vermont offered a counter reward for the apprehension of the Attorney General of New York, and sent a sarcastic and defiant document to Governor Tryon, saying that "printed sentences of death were not very

alarming;" and notified him that if he sent on his executioners, they would try titles and determine who the criminals were and who should die first,—and intimated that in case there was any scalping to be done they were ready to try a hand at it. This remarkable document was signed by Ethan Allen, Baker and others, and had appended to it some rhymes ridiculing the

"Act which doth exact
Men's lives before they're try'd."

At this time Guilford, in Windham County, was the most populous town in the State; but a majority of the inhabitants in that vicinity were opposed to the independence of Vermont, and in favor of New York. At their town meetings committees were appointed to defend the town against the "pretended State of Vermont," and to resist the constable in attempting to collect the taxes or perform other legal duties.

The "New Yorkers" in Guilford were able to secure majorities at their town meetings by excluding their opponents from the polls by an armed force, till at length each party had a town organization, which resulted in the election of two sets of town officers, one professing allegiance to Vermont and the other to New York.

Law and order were disregarded to an alarming extent. Physicians were not allowed to visit the sick without a pass from the committees, and neighbors and relatives met each other in hostile array. While this state of affairs existed, in the summer of 1783, Ethan Allen was directed to call out the ^{the} militia for enforcing the laws of Vermont, and for suppressing insurrection and rebellion in Windham County. Allen proceeded from Bennington to Guilford with one hundred men, and there issued the following proclamation: "*I, Ethan Allen, declare that unless the people of Guilford peaceably submit to the authority of Vermont, the town shall be made as desolate as were the cities*

of Sodom and Gomorrah." This summary way of proclaiming martial law had its effect, and rendered the collection of taxes comparatively easy while Allen remained in Guilford.

While this contest was going on, the revolution between the American colonies and Great Britain assumed such proportions as to divert general attention from the troubles in Vermont, and this alarming controversy was indefinitely postponed.

In 1776, the inhabitants of Vermont petitioned the provincial Congress, then in session at Philadelphia, for admission into the confederacy, but they were unjustly, and in a spirit of malice, opposed by New York and obliged to withdraw.

On the 15th day of January, 1777, Vermont took a bold step, illustrative of the character of her people, by declaring her independence to all the world. She then applied again to be admitted into the confederacy. Congress delayed and pursued a vacillating course towards the people of this new province.

The Vermonters began to feel as though they were forever to remain an independent State; and the old song that had cheered so many brave hearts in the early times was still rehearsed at every fireside :

"Ho! all to the borders, Vermonters come down,
With your breeches of deerskin and jackets of brown,
With your red woolen caps, and your moccasins, come,
To the gathering summons of trumpet and drum.

Come down with your rifles—let grey wolf and fox
Howl on in the shade of their primitive rocks;
Let the bear feed securely from pig pen and stall—
Here's a two-legged game for your powder and ball.

Leave the harvest to rot on the field where it grows,
And the reaping of wheat to the reaping of foes;
Our vow is recorded, our banner unfurled—
In the name of Vermont, we defy all the world!"

While this matter was under consideration the British officers were using every effort within their power to entice the Ver-

moners to strike hands with Great Britain; but they were not made of the right material to be bought or sold, and the effort to win them over to the Crown was made in vain.

The troops sent to invade Vermont were furnished with ample employment and no little expensive amusement by Allen and his associates, who made them swallow their own conceit, while the revolution was progressing in other parts of the country.

In 1781, Congress offered to admit Vermont under certain restrictions, but the people refused, and remained outside the union for eight years longer, fully determined to maintain their independence or be permitted to stand upon an equal footing with all the other States. Finally the people consented to pay New York the sum of \$30,000, and thereupon a final settlement was made; a long, bitter and perplexing controversy amicably settled, the "Bennington Mob" reduced to profound quiet, and Vermont admitted into the union. This grand struggle for honorable recognition on the part of Vermont culminated on the fourth of March, 1791, eighty-three years ago, it being the first State admitted under the federal constitution.

The Seal of the State of Vermont was first engraved upon a horn drinking-cup, with a jack-knife, by an English officer who frequently and secretly visited Gov. Chittenden. During one of these visits, he took a view from the west window of the Governor's house of a wheat field in the distance, beyond which was a knoll with one solitary pine upon its top, which view he engraved upon this cup. The engraved cup attracted the attention of Ira Allen, who adopted its device as the State Seal.

During this entire contest, embracing the time occupied by the revolution, Vermont,—though unfavorably located upon the northwestern frontier, without an ally, surrounded by hostile and treacherous tribes, constantly agitated by internal strife, often upon the verge of civil war,—maintained her independence

before the world, and made an enviable record in the great conflict for American Liberty. The "Green Mountain Boys" distinguished themselves in some of the most important battles of the war, and wherever they planted their standard it became a signal of victory. The daring feat of Ethan Allen in the capture of Ticonderoga on the tenth of May, 1775, with but eighty-three men, and the success of Col. Warner in seizing the garrison at Crown Point on the same day, together with the surprise and capture of a sloop of war at St. Johns by general Arnold, have made the history of Vermont famous among the annals of the revolution. The taking of Ticonderoga, the stronghold of the enemy upon the lake, with its hundred pieces of cannon, together with its trained officers and soldiers, without the loss of a single man, thrilled the colonies with joy. Language fails to portray with any accuracy that thrilling scene.

It was a beautiful May morning. The first gleam of day had commenced to change the sombre hues of the gray east. The opal buds of the white maple upon the borders of the lake were waiting for the early tints of the rising sun. The forest was melodious with the song of birds, whose sweet voices echoed across the placid waters. A little band of "Green Mountain Boys" had made a forced march from Bennington and spent the night on the eastern shore of the lake, directly opposite the Fort. The country they had traversed was a wilderness. They were without map, or chart, or compass. Their expedition had not been planned by an educated engineer, but they were prepared to meet the issues of the moment with fidelity, courage and self-devotion to the cause of liberty. No orders had been sent from the war department for them to obey even

"Though some one had blundered."

They were not the graduates of any military school, nor controlled by any rigid rules of discipline except such as common sense and

good judgment would dictate. Ethan Allen was their commander. He managed to cross the lake with eighty-three men and sent the boats back for the rear guard, but found it necessary to make the attack at once, while more than half of his command were on the eastern shore. He drew his men up in line and made a brief but characteristic speech, saying, "*I now propose to advance before you, and in person conduct you through the wicket gate. We must this morning either quit our pretensions to valor, or possess ourselves of this fortress in a few minutes.*"

The garrison was asleep, except the drowsy sentry who carelessly paced to and fro upon the ramparts, unconscious of his fate. Allen and his men marched directly to the wicket-gate. The sentry there snapped his gun but it missed fire and he retreated into the fort followed by the "Green Mountain Boys," who gave a loud cheer that rang like the voice of victory through and among the barracks. Allen ordered the commander, Capt. De La Place, to come forward and deliver up the fort instantly. He asked by what authority this demand was made, to which Allen replied, "*In the name of the great Jehovah, and the Continental Congress.*" The fort was unconditionally surrendered, and before twilight's rosy fingers had tinged the borders of the golden west, Ethan Allen was master of Lake Champlain.

Had I the time to delineate the long list of brilliant military achievements, performed by the patriotic sons of Vermont in the days of the revolution, during the war of 1812, or even in the late rebellion, I have no doubt you would remain willing listeners; but I am reluctantly compelled to pass over them by allusion only. The mere mention of Hubbardton, Bennington, Saratoga or Plattsburgh, cannot fail to meet a response from the heart of every descendant of those stern men and women who devoted their lives and their fortunes to the defence of the north-western frontier. And when we come down to more recent

times and cast a glance over the period occupied by the slave-holder's rebellion, we still find the "Green Mountain Boys" in the front ranks of the Army of Freedom, adding fresh glory to the bright record of our native State. Whoever reads an account of the battle of Gettysburg, the great charnel-house of the rebellion, will not fail to notice the exposed position of the two thousand Vermonters, belonging to the invincible Vermont Brigade, the history of which is not inferior to that of "the noble six hundred," who perished on the field of Balaklava. It was stated by the rebels after the battle was over that what ruined them was Stannard's Brigade; and Gen. Doubleday, testifying before the Committee on the Conduct of the War, says that "the wing of the enemy which was met by Stannard's brigade began to retreat, and thus the day was won, and the country saved."

The history of Vermont is full of thrilling incidents, and I might occupy your time for hours in relating such as have been preserved as matters of historical record; and go on still further with a long list belonging only to the annals of tradition. But hoping that hereafter we shall all become more interested and familiar with the details of the history of our native State, I shall but briefly allude to the topics now under consideration.

In 1785 the Legislature of Vermont granted to Reuben Harmon, Jr., of Rupert, the exclusive right to coin copper money within the State, for two years; and no coin, manufactured by him, was to weigh less than one-third of an ounce, Troy weight. William Buel, who had been connected with the Connecticut mint, at New Haven, arrived in Rupert about this time, and associated himself with Harmon in the business of coinage. The forming of this co-partnership, thereby securing the services of an experienced workman, added much to facilitating the business of the company. But there was a circumstance connected with

the life of Buel that had its effect upon the coinage of Vermont. While he was at work in New Haven, having occasion to use some nitric acid, he procured it in a jug, at a drug store, and was returning to his residence, when he was met by some Indians, who insisted upon drinking from the jug, supposing it to contain rum. He told them it was not rum, but that the jug was filled with poison. The Indians were not satisfied with this explanation, and one of them seized the jug and took a hearty drink, which soon terminated his life. Buel was accused of killing the Indian, and his life was demanded by the chief in return. Under these circumstances Buel left the country, to pursue his calling with Harmon in Vermont.

Russell Colvin, of Manchester, in 1812 suddenly disappeared. Some years afterwards suspicions began to arise that Colvin had been murdered by the brothers of his wife, Stephen and Jesse Bourne. An uncle of the Bournes, a man of respectability, stated that he had dreamed three separate times that Colvin came and told him that he had been murdered, and would direct him to the place where he had been secreted, which was the former site of a small house where a cellar had been filled up. At this place a large knife, a pen-knife and a button were found. Colvin's wife described accurately two of these articles before seeing them. A hat was found near by, which was said to have belonged to Colvin. The public mind became intensely excited. Jesse Bourne was arrested and legally examined, and as he was about being released, stated that Stephen told him last winter that he struck Colvin with a club or stone on the head, and supposed he had killed him. Stephen was immediately arrested, but denied the truth of his brother's statement. The prisoners were tried October, 1819, Judge Chase presiding. It was shown on the part of the State that Colvin and the prisoners were seen together picking up stones, just before Colvin's disappearance,

and that they were quarreling. Lewis Colvin, son of Russell, testified that Stephen and his father got into a quarrel; that his father struck Stephen, and that Stephen knocked his father down with a club; that he (Lewis) ran away and had never seen him since. The jailor testified that Jesse confessed to him that he was afraid Stephen had murdered Colvin. Silas Merrill, a prisoner, testified that Jesse confessed to him that Stephen killed Colvin, and that he, Stephen, and their father buried the body. There was also a written confession by Stephen to Merrill, confessing the murder and giving full particulars. The prisoners were found guilty, and sentenced to be hung, Jan. 28, 1820.

The public were satisfied with the result of the trial. In December, 1819, a Mr. Chadwick, of New Jersey, who happened accidentally to see an account of the trial, wrote to Manchester that Colvin had been living in New Jersey since April, 1813, and soon after Colvin himself arrived in Manchester.

Ebenezer Marvin was a surgeon in the army, and during the battle of Saratoga, Oct 7, 1777, the house used as a hospital was so near the scene of action that he did not dare to expose his wife and daughter to the flying bullets. They were placed in the cellar, where they prepared lint and bandages during the day and night, passing them up through a hole in the floor. On the morning after the battle, Ebenezer Marvin, jr., was born. It was soon thought best to send the women and children to Connecticut for safety; and Mrs. Marvin with her infant of a few days old, on a pillow in her lap, and her eldest daughter behind her on the same horse, started under escort through the wilderness by marked trees to Connecticut. The fall rains were prevailing, and they were obliged to camp out in the woods at night among wild beasts and hostile Indians.

On the night before the battle of Bennington, Mrs. Dewey, being up with a sick child, overheard some conversation in

another part of the house, which she frequently related in after years. One woman plead with her husband to let others fight the battle, and to flee with her to a place of safety ; using every argument that her ingenuity could devise to prevent him from going out to meet the enemy the next day. But the brave patriot told her that in case he should be killed, she and the children would be far better off than to have a husband and father who deserted his country in its hour of peril. Another picture was presented in another part of the same room, where a husband was complaining to his wife that he had the colic, which he thought would prevent his going out in the morning. She very well knew that his trouble was cowardice instead of colic, and told him that he would always be called a coward if he stayed at home. He still insisted that he should be upon the sick list the next morning, when she declared in a convincing tone that unless he went out to meet the enemy with the rest, she would exchange clothes with him and go herself. That argument was too powerful for his weak nerves, and he promised to go, colic or no colic.

Paul Moore was a native of Worcester, Mass. At the age of twelve years he ran away and spent twenty years upon the ocean. The vessel in which he sailed at one time foundered, and all on board were in great peril, when Moore jumped overboard and stopped the leak. He went to Shoreham during the French war. The fall and winter of 1765 he spent in a hut, built of pine and hemlock boughs, without seeing a human being for six months. He sympathized with the settlers in their contests with the Yorkers, and his hut was often a refuge for Allen, Warner, Smith and others. During one winter Moore and Elijah Kellogg were the only persons in Shoreham. He was taken prisoner several times by the Indians, and compelled to suffer beyond measure.

When the battle of Plattsburgh was going on, Elder Aaron Buzzell was preaching in the old red Baptist meeting-house in Strafford, and during the service he saw one of the brethren passing along the aisle whispering from pew to pew. Elder Buzzell stopped short and inquired, "Brother Brown, what do you want?" "I want" said Mr. Brown, "a horse to go to Plattsburgh." "Take mine," instantly responded the Elder, and went on with his sermon.

When Burgoyne's army was attempting to invade Vermont, the wife of Andrew Hawley, well known in Arlington as "Aunt Ann," was surprised by a party under Captain Ormsbee, while filling her oven for baking. Two soldiers were detailed to wait till the bread was baked and then bring it away. After the Captain and his squad had departed, Aunt Ann ordered the two soldiers to go about their business, and with a broom-stick drove them from the premises. In their retreat one of the cowards discharged his musket at the brave woman, the bullet passing just over her head.

Dea. Challis Safford, of Enosburg, was a little provoked because his wife was afraid to have the children sent after the cows, there being a great many bears and other wild animals where they were accustomed to go; so he told Mrs. S. that he would go himself. She felt very much obliged, and said go. Mrs. S. insisted that from the days of Elisha the Prophet, to the present, bears had always killed all the children they could catch, and always would. The Deacon was equally sure that bears would never meddle with the "human form divine," or contend with one of the "lords of creation." This little dispute was settled when the deacon came back. He started after the cows with a small house dog and presently found himself some distance in the woods. While listening for the cow-bell he was startled by an out-cry from the dog some forty rods off.

On looking, he discovered the dog coming towards him with great speed, followed by a large bear. "Now," says the deacon to himself, "there is a chance for fun. When the bear gets within a few rods of me I will shout and clap my hands and Mr. Bear will make a sudden retreat." The deacon carried out his part of the programme, but the bear made a rush for the deacon. It was necessary to fight or run, and not much time was left in which to decide the case. The deacon wisely chose the latter, and on turning around discovered a beech tree which he was able to climb. The bear was at his heels, but the deacon managed to get above his reach. The bear tried to climb the tree, but failed. Night came on, and the deacon had ample time to review his theory on bears before he could make himself heard, and obtain relief. The deacon thought this bear had some peculiar traits, but had no further dispute with his wife.

A Mr. Tracy was the first teacher in the new school-house at Randolph. One morning in 1788, as he was approaching his school-house, he noticed the door was partly open, but supposed some of the scholars had preceded him. As he stepped in he stood face to face with a huge bear and two half-grown cubs. He sprang to the fire-place and caught a large shovel with which he commenced a spirited fight, keeping bruin at bay till Diah Flint arrived with a gun and dispatched the bear and cubs. Such a scene would puzzle some of the teachers of the present day, and make work for the truant officers.

Capt. Samuel Morey, of Fairlee, was the first man to apply steam power to navigation, who in 1792 applied steam power to a small boat on the Connecticut River, and afterwards on Fairlee pond. He afterwards exhibited his model in New York, in presence of Fulton and Livingston. In 1858, Rev. Cyrus Mann, a native of Orford, published an article in a Boston paper wherein he says "the first steamboat ever seen in the

waters of America, was invented by Captain Samuel Morey. The astonishing sight of a man ascending the Connecticut river, between Fairlee and Orford, in a little boat, just large enough to contain himself and the rude machinery connected with the steam boiler, and a handful of wood for a fire, was witnessed by the writer in his boyhood, and by others who yet survive." This was before Fulton's name had been known in connection with steam navigation. Fulton visited Morey at Fairlee and was very much interested in his experiments, and in 1803 constructed a boat after Morey's model and obtained letters patent therefor, thus becoming famous, while the ingenious Vermonter was defrauded of his rights.

David Millington, of Shaftsbury, was the first inventor of wax grafting, and Gov. Hall was his first apprentice. At one time Millington employed 100 men, who traveled over New England and the West, introducing his newly discovered art.

Leonard Walker, of Strafford, learned the art of making hand-cards of Pliny Earle, of Leicester, Mass., and was the first man to make machines for forming the teeth and to prick the leather for their insertion. They were then separate machines but have been long since combined in one, and with other machinery.

Thomas Davenport, of Williamstown, was the inventor of the application of magnetism and electro-magnetism as a moving principle in mechanics, for which he obtained a patent, Feb. 25, 1837. He was experimenting upon this machine as early as 1832. In 1834 his model was put on exhibition in New York, and from it Prof. Morse got his first idea of the electric telegraph.

Sunderland was for some time the residence of Ethan Allen and his brother Ira. It was in this town where Benjamin Hough, a justice of the peace under the colony of New York, was brought before a committee of safety, tried, convicted and sentenced "to be taken from the bar of this committee and be

ties to a tree and there receive two hundred stripes, and then depart out of the district; and on return, without special leave, to suffer death." This sentence was executed May 30, 1775.

Jeremiah Clark, of Shaftsbury, was Chief Justice of the Special Court for the shire of Bennington, in 1778, and pronounced the sentence of death upon David Redding, the first man executed under sentence of law in Vermont.

In the early times a whipping post was erected near the house of Frederick Smith, in Strafford. Samuel Bliss, a Justice of the Peace, tried a woman for larceny and passed the following sentence: That the offender should pay a fine of \$14.00, or be sent to jail fourteen days, or receive fourteen lashes on her bare back. The woman was to have her choice. She had with her a baby six months old, and her husband was present. A friend offered to pay the fine and take a cow as security, but she objected on the ground that they would not be able to get the money and would thereby lose the cow. "Then" said the husband, "you will have to go to jail." "No" said she, "I had rather take a horse-whipping than to leave my family, and be locked up in jail two weeks." The husband took the baby and she the whipping.

When Benjamin Griswold first settled in Enosburg, he went to Bristol, bought a bushel of corn, had it ground and brought it home on his back, a distance of seventy miles, then divided one half the meal with three other families. He was fond of reading, and during his lifetime had read the Bible through eighty-four times.

The first Baptist Church organized in Vermont was located in Shaftsbury, in 1788. George Niles, of Shaftsbury, lived to be 105 years of age. On the day he became 100 years old, he walked into the meadow with his scythe and mowed a swath, saying, "There, boys, is a pattern for you."

The first settler of Stamford was a man by the name of Raymond, who built his cabin against a large rock, where was baked the first johnny cake in the town. He was ever after known by the name of Rock Raymond.

Hon. Nathaniel Niles, of West Fairlee, first member of Congress from Vermont, was a man of great intellectual ability, but occasionally a little eccentric. He was a preacher of considerable note, and a man of unquestionable integrity. On a certain occasion in the midst of his sermon he was approached by his wife, bearing a private message, whereupon he said that services would be suspended for a few moments, and passed out through the room in which the congregation were seated, prepared with hat and veil, and hived a swarm of bees, came back, commenced where he left off, and finished his sermon.

Col. Alexander Harvey was a prominent citizen of Barnet, and a great joker. On a certain occasion a member of the Legislature, boasting of his mother and six brothers, with great apparent satisfaction, asked the company present at a large party if ever they heard of such a mother having seven such sons? Col. Harvey replied that he had read of a woman who had seven just such sons, and what was more remarkable they were all born at one birth! Who was she? asked the legislator. "Mary Magdalene," replied the Colonel, "who was delivered of seven devils all at once."

During the revolution Benjamin Byron was a bearer of dispatches, and lived in Maidstone. On a certain occasion, becoming nearly exhausted, by a long journey, he came to a settlement, and entering a house found a company about sitting down to a table bountifully spread. Hunger and the importance of his message would not allow delay, therefore he at once sat down and commenced helping himself. Some one suggested to him the propriety of waiting, as the minister would ask a blessing. He

kept on eating, but replied, "Say what you are a mind to, you won't turn my stomach."

George W. Byron, of Maidstone, and his brother Benjamin, when boys, were in the field, where they saw a rabbit. His brother, who was a pious youth, commenced running and crying, "Lord, help! Lord help!" when he, thinking that the noise would do more to frighten the animal than secure aid, said quickly, "Say nothing, Ben; say nothing—two are enough to catch a rabbit."

The town of Readsboro was discovered by a body of soldiers on their return from an expedition against Crown Point, in December, 1759. They were intending to go to North Adams, but missed their way, and at this point their provisions becoming entirely exhausted, they made a halt, and killed, roasted and eat a dog that accompanied them. Daniel Davidson, afterwards a prominent citizen of Readsboro, was one of the number.

In the early days Vermont contained some families large enough to make a respectable Sabbath School in modern times. John Hadley's family, in Shelburne, numbered twenty-five children, Benjamin Sutton's twenty-four, Ebenezer Barstow's thirteen; and the family of Roswell Pike, of Whitingham, consisted of twenty-eight children; making ninety children in four families.

On a damp, foggy day, in July, 1842, the citizens of Huntington, were aroused by a strange, unearthly screeching that seemed to come from the mountain west of them, and, from what they knew of such matters, was the cry of a catamount or panther. Young men and boys rallied with dog and gun and a firm resolution to bring back a trophy of their bravery. On arriving at the spot they arranged themselves so as to make an escape impossible, and commenced making their way over rocks, logs and stumps, till those in advance had reached a small brook which they followed for a few rods with great caution and no

little anxiety, when in a short time the whole company, men, boys and dogs were standing face to face with the game they were after, which presented itself in the shape of a wooden water-wheel, moaning for want of grease.

Notwithstanding the hardships experienced by the early settlers, and the absolute necessity of dealing with the real instead of the ideal, Vermont has produced some of the finest poetical talent in the country. Nathaniel Niles, of Fairlee, Royal Tyler, of Grafton, Thomas G. Fessenden, of Brattleboro', Thomas Rowley, of Danby, and others were inspired with the genius of song in the early times. The little poem, more recently written by Charles G. Eastman, of Montpelier, entitled "A Picture," is so beautiful, that I know you will pardon me if I quote it here :

" The farmer sat in his easy-chair,
Smoking his pipe of clay,
While his hale old wife with busy care,
Was clearing the dinner away;
A sweet little girl, with fine blue eyes,
On her grandfather's knee was catching flies.

The old man laid his hand on her head,
With a tear on his wrinkled face,
And thought how often her mother, dead,
Used to sit in the self same place;
As the tear stole down from his half-shut eye,
'Don't smoke,' said the child, 'how it makes you cry!'

The house-dog lay stretched out on the floor,
• Where the shade, after noon, used to steal;
The busy old wife by the open door
Was turning the spinning wheel;
And the old brass clock on the mantle-tree
Had plodded along to almost three;—

Still the farmer sat in his easy-chair,
While close to his heaving breast
The moistened brow and cheek so fair
Of his sweet grandchild were pressed;
His head, bent down, on her soft hair lay.—
Fast asleep were they both, that summer day!"

The poem entitled : "Time," by Ichabod S. Spencer, of Rupert, is second only to Shakespeare and Milton in point of sublimity:

" Heard you that knell? It was the knell of Time,
 And is Time dead? I thought Time never died.
 I knew him old, 'tis true, and full of years,
 And bald except in front; he was strong
 As Hercules. I saw him grasp the oak,
 It fell,—the tower, it crumbled; and the stone,
 The sculptured monument that marked the grave
 Of fallen greatness, ceased its pompous strain
 As Time swept by."

The modern wit of Vermont, John G. Saxe, of Burlington, is well known at home and abroad, and his poems are unrivaled for truthful sarcasm. His description of "The Modern Belle," could only have been written by a Vermonter :

"The daughter sits in the parlor,
 And rocks in her easy-chair;
 She's clad in her silks and satins,
 And jewels are in her hair;
 She looks at the rings on her fingers,
 She simpers, and giggles, and winks;
 And, though she talks but little,
 'Tis vastly more than she thinks.

* * * * *

She falls in love with a fellow
 Who swells with a foreign air;
 He marries her for her money,
 She marries him for his hair;
 One of the very best matches,—
 Both are well matched for life;
 She's got a fool for her husband,
 He's got a fool for a wife."

F. Benjamin Gage, of St. Johnsbury, has written many fine poems, some of which have been extensively copied and circulated through the newspapers. His poem entitled : "Beyond," from which I quote the opening stanza as worthy of perusal :

"I have a treasure in the blue Beyond.
 She that bent o'er me in my earliest hours,
 And watched my steps till manhood's years come nigh;
 She turned in sorrow from this world of ours,
 And when the golden Autumn had gone by,
 Went out into the blue Beyond."

Nathan Brown, of Whitingham, was a missionary in Burmah for many years, and on his return, wrote these lines in an album :

"There's a book I've been reading for many years,
 Turning the leaves with the hours;
 Some of its pages are blotted with tears,
 Some painted with golden flowers.

O, bright were the pages that life's young morn
 Begemm'd with its early dews!
 But the pictures now are soiled and worn,
 And gone are the golden hues.

And the leaves have been turned in a tropic clime;
 Sad, sad has been many a scene,
 With the cloud, and the shadow, and mourning time,
 And the sun-rays thrown between!

* * * * *

But, alas! I stand by my native hearth.
 And the forms that I loved are gone;
 Changed, changed unto me is this beautiful earth;
 Let me pass, with the passers on!

Wm. G. Brown, also of Whitingham, has written several fine poems, among which are "Mother, Home and Heaven," "A Hundred Years to Come," "My Good old Axe," and the "Death of Harrison," which commences as follows:

"There's a sound on the air like an army's tread,
 As they march in their pride to the field of the dead;
 There's a sound on the air of the drum and the gun,
 Like an army's shout when the battle is won."

The poems of Julia Wallace, of Waterbury, will not fail to attract the attention of those who appreciate genius, without asking whether it belongs to male or female. I make a selection

from her poem entitled, "Earth's Angels," and leave it without comment :

" Why come not spirits from the realms of glory
 To visit earth as in the days of old,—
 The time of ancient writ and sacred story?
 Is Heaven more distant, or has earth grown cold?

Oft have I gazed, when sunset clouds receding
 Waved like rich banners of a host gone by,
 To catch the gleam of some white pinion speeding
 Along the confines of the glowing sky.

To Bethlehem's air was their last anthem given,
 When other stars before the One grew dim?
 Was their last presence known in Peter's prison?
 Or where exulting martyrs raised their hymn?

No! earth *has* angels, though their forms are moulded,
 But of such clay as fashions all below;
 Though harps are wanting and bright pinions folded,
 We know them by the love-light on their brow.

I have seen angels by the sick one's pillow,—
 Theirs was the soft-tone and the soundless tread;
 Where smitten hearts were drooping like the willow,
 They stood 'between the living and the dead.'

There have been angels in the gloomy prison,—
 In crowded halls,—by the lone widow's hearth;
 And when they passed, the fallen have uprisen,—
 The giddy paused,—the mourner's hope had birth."

Time will not permit me to detain you longer. I might continue for hours to quote choice gems from the poets of Vermont. The writings of Carlos Wilcox, of Orwell, Emma W. Smith, of Windham, Robert Josselyn, of Woodstock, Anna C. Lynch, of Bennington, Gay H. Naramore, of Underhill, Orville G. Wheeler, of South Hero, Mrs. H. B. Washburn, of Ludlow, Helen M. L. Warner, of South Hero, Mrs. A. H. Bingham, of Brandon, Julia C. R. Dorr, of Rutland, J. E. Rankin, of St. Albans, Emily R. Page, of Bradford, Mrs. Geo. P. Marsh, and many others, are not only appreciated by Vermonters, but are known

wherever the English language is spoken. There is one other—poet and historian—who has done more than any other person, except Rufus W. Griswold, of Benson, to place the literature of Vermont in the hands of the people. I refer to Abby Maria Hemenway, of Burlington, formerly of Ludlow, the compiler of the “Poets and Poetry of Vermont,” “The Vermont Historical Gazetteer,” and author of various literary works. I must not forget to speak of one of the most distinguished sons of our native State, Hon. Geo. P. Marsh, a native of Woodstock, who has made himself famous as a scholar, diplomatist, author, historian, and poet.

When a Vermonter begins to write or talk about Vermont it is not easy to discover the most appropriate place to stop; but I am reminded that I have already trespassed upon the time allotted to others, and I must proceed at once to close my remarks.

I have collected from various sources and given a very brief and imperfect sketch of the history of Vermont, together with an account of a few of the incidents connected with the early settlers. I have set forth some of the characteristic traits of those noble men and women who periled their lives for the uncertain reward that accrues amid the trials and dangers of pioneer life. We are their descendants; but we have no such legacy to hand down to our children as has been transmitted to us.

We have been wanderers from the land of our nativity; but whenever we turn our thoughts to the Green Mountain State we cannot help feeling proud of the independent position always maintained by her inhabitants; and of the fact that no slave ever stood upon the soil of Vermont.

Glorious old State! Your Sons and Daughters, in whatever clime they may chance to be, will gladly seek to lay upon the altar of your renown affection's sincere offering!

THE SONS OF VERMONT,

IN

W O R C E S T E R , M A S S .

REPORTED BY HENRY L. SHUMWAY.

In the autumn of the year 1873, a project was set on foot, in the city of Worcester, for the formation of a social organization which should bring together the natives of the State of Vermont resident in the city. It was conceived by a few gentlemen in whom long absence from Green Mountain soil had not obliterated their regard for their native State, and, after informal consultation, they decided to call a public meeting of those designed to be included in the proposed organization, to learn their views and test its practicability.

A meeting was accordingly held on the evening of December first, at which a formal organization of an association, to be known as

THE SONS OF VERMONT

was effected, and the following named officers were duly chosen :

President.—HON. CLARK JILLSON.

Vice-Presidents.—MESSRS. SAMUEL E. HILDRETH and IRA G. BLAKE.

Secretary.—MR. SAMUEL V. STONE.

Executive Committee.—MESSRS. RANSOM M. GOULD, JAMES J. RUSS, CHARLES G. PARKER, EDWARD L. SPALDING and GEORGE L. BLISS.

At a subsequent meeting Mr. James S. Rogers was elected Treasurer. A code of by-laws was adopted, and the Executive Committee reported a plan for a reunion and supper, under the auspices of the Association, to which all natives of Vermont should be invited. Committees to carry out this plan were appointed as follows :

On Supper.—Messrs. George L. Bliss, James J. Russ, and Charles G. Parker.
On Speeches, &c.—Hon. Clark Jillson, and Messrs. James S. Rogers, Samuel V. Stone, James J. Russ, and Ira G. Blake.

On Music.—Messrs. Edward L. Spalding and Ira G. Blake.

On Hall and Printing.—Messrs. Ransom M. Gould, and Samuel E. Hildreth.

These Committees worked harmoniously, and on the evening of February 10th, 1874, the Sons of Vermont with their families were summoned together for their first annual reunion, in Washburn Hall.

The exercises of the evening were in charge of the Executive Committee of the Association, who received the guests and escorted them to the dressing rooms. They were then conducted to the west ante room of Mechanics Hall, when a brief season of mutual introductions and congratulations served to put the company in the best of spirits. Individuals of long acquaintance here discovered, for the first time, a common nativity, and “I, too, am a Vermonter” was a frequent answer to the incredulous “Why! how came you here?” of many a questioner.

Soon after seven o’clock the company was conducted to Washburn Hall, where plates had been laid for over three hundred guests, all of which were taken. Every county in the state, and about one hundred and fifty towns, were represented at the table. The Chairman of the Executive Committee, Mr. Ransom M. Gould, called the assembly to order, and the Divine blessing was invoked by Rev. Ebenezer Cutler, D. D.

The supper was admirably arranged by Messrs. Taft, Bliss & Putnam,—Mr. Bliss, of the firm and of the Executive Committee, giving the details his personal supervision. It was designed to represent an old-time Vermont repast, and included pork and beans, roast turkeys and chickens, corned beef, cold ham and tongue, doughnuts and cheese, apple-sauce, pumpkin and mince pies, brown bread, and cider in abundance. The ware used at the tables was of the old blue-edged pattern, now-a-days seen only in the kitchen. In front of the President was placed a gigantic candle, two feet and a half in height, and a bottle of Vermont vinegar, made in 1834, both being presented by Mr. Arvin Thompson, of Chester. During the repast the most hearty freedom prevailed, and jest and story prolonged and enlivened it.

When all had done ample justice to the material part of the feast, the intellectual entertainment was begun by the introduction of Hon. Clark Jillson as President of the evening, and the delivery, by him, of the interesting historical address printed in this volume.

When, in the course of his address, Mr. Jillson quoted Eastman's familiar lines,—

“The farmer sat in his easy chair,”—

the stage curtain rolled up and disclosed a tableau admirably representing the scene described. It was received with hearty applause.

At the close of the address, another tableau, “An after supper scene,” was presented. It included a Vermont family engaged in their evening employment, the farmer smoking and reading a well worn newspaper, his wife darning stockings, one daughter mending a dress, and another washing the supper dishes, the eldest son practising on a fiddle and a younger one bringing in firewood. The rear of the view included an old fashioned fire-place with crane, hooks, andirons, pots, skillets and kettles, over which hung a gun and powder-horn, while clock and dye-tub, dresser and sap-yoke, with numerous other accessories, including a huge hornet's nest over the mantle-tree, served to make up a truthful and pleasing picture.

The President then announced that the exercises had but just begun. He said that every Vermonter knows that an evening's sitting was gauged by the candle, and announced that when the candle before him had burned to its socket, the company might retire. He said that as this was the first reunion of the Association, the managers were not fully acquainted with all the sons and daughters of Vermont, and in calling for responses to the sentiments to be offered, he could only draw out a part of the excellent things which were waiting to be said. He then announced the first sentiment—

“VERMONT! Ah, what music there is in the word!
By us, her own children, no sweeter is heard.”

Mr. Samuel V. Stone, a native of Eden, was called upon, and in response spoke as follows:

Mr. President. I don't think it fair, just as I had eaten my supper and sat

down with my pipe for a quiet smoke and to read the last week's "*Farmer*," in my quiet home, surrounded by my family, that you should dispel the illusion that I had entertained, that I was an independent Vermont farmer, and bring me down here to talk to these degenerate sons and daughters.*

But that is not the worst part of it. After you have told us all about Vermont, its history, its people, and everything pertaining thereto, you call upon me to answer to the sentiment "Vermont." What can I say but what has been better said by you? I think you had better file in your address in answer to the sentiment and let me off. But, Mr. President, there is one thing I can say, and I am proud of it: I was born in Vermont.

Nestling among the Green Mountains, in the little town of Eden, in Lamoille County, on the slope of one of the lesser hills, from the summit of which appear in full view, old Mansfield, Monadnock, Camel's Hump and Jay Peak, there once stood a little log cabin, in which I drew my first breath of life. There now remains but the old stone chimney and the broad hearth-stone. Although I remained there but a short time, I am conscious that the love of those green hills and forest covered mountains was born within me, and has never been eradicated. I never revisit those scenes and breathe the invigorating air of the old Mountain State, without a longing for such a country life. Yes,—

"That life I'd lead, though fools would fly from it;
For oh! 'tis sweet, it finds the heart out, be there one to find.
And pleasures in it, we ne'er knew were there."

In the crowded town, in the dusty road of business, amid the toil, the struggle, the anxiety for wealth, there is little time for a man to find out that he has a heart, except from its physical throbings. Certainly we have no time to expand those treasures which exhibit themselves in the full, free, honest heart of the country farmer.

But, Sir, I must speak to my text. Vermont! the glorious old State of our birth, we can all exclaim in the familiar lines—

"I love thy rocks and rills,
Thy woods and templed hills;
My soul with rapture thrills,"
To speak thy praise.

Go with me, in imagination, among the mountains and green hills, the lakes, the rivers and murmuring streams, to this land of beauty and of grandeur, where the cottage looks out on a domain the palace cannot boast of. And in winter, when the lakes among the mountains are frozen, and the streams are arrested in their course, sometimes breaking their barriers of ice and plunging down the steep declivities and gorges of the mountains, forming huge reclining icicles or small glaciers, while the Green Mountain tops are covered with the white, glistening fleece;

"Seas of lakes, and hills of forests,—
Crystal waves that rise, midst mountains all of snow, and mock the sun,
Returning him his fiery beams more radiant than he sent them."

* He had just represented the old farmer in the foregoing tableau.

I will not admit that I paint in too high colors the beauty and grandeur of the scenery to be found in our own native State, especially in the vicinity where I was born. And then her people, you will find them almost the world over. Wherever there is a demand for a hardy race, wherever there are hard blows to be struck, you will find the sons of Vermont.

How noble their valor; how self-sacrificing in their hardships and privations during their and our country's struggle for independence! And in the last great rebellion, they left their bones whitening upon almost every battle field from the Potomac to the Gulf. How we love to visit them in their homes; to enjoy their free and generous hospitality; throwing off the restraints and cares of town life; giving our spirits and voices free vent among those echoing hills; gathering the wild strawberry, the generous yielding raspberry, and the other wild fruits in their season; making friends with the sedate cattle, the sheep with the frolicsome lambs, the proud turkey-cock, with his numerous wives, the geese, the ducks, hens and chickens, and to accept the invitation of the good old farmer to come out and see his fat pigs, and then to go in and enjoy the good, plain, but substantial farmer's supper with a good country appetite. You have all been there, you know how it is yourselves.

I fear I have exceeded my five minutes, and will close by repeating your toast with a slight addition.

“Vermont! Ah, what music there is in the word,
By us, her own children, no sweeter is heard.”
“Where'er we roam, whatever lands we see,
Our hearts, responsive, still return to thee.”

OLD BAY STATE! we love you, we know you are “some!”
For you we left sugar, and beech-nuts and gum!

Was the next sentiment, and Mr. Samuel E. Hildreth, a native of Brattleboro, responded.

Mr. Chairman, Ladies and Gentlemen:—

The sentiment that has just been read is very suggestive of the by-gone days of my boyhood. I claim no merit for having been born in the Green Mountain State, as I was not consulted in the matter. Neither was I consulted about leaving it, for at an early age my parents removed to New Hampshire, just over the line from Vermont; but I am proud to be recognized as a son of Vermont. A State, Sir, that did as much in her early days to gain the freedom of this whole country from the yoke of tyranny, according to her resources, as any other State in the Union. When we read the early history of our country and note the part which the people of Vermont took in the struggle for liberty, we can but have a feeling of pride. Although they were a rough and hardy set of men, yet their hearts were as tender as a woman's. The sufferings of a friend or foe would bring the tears into their eyes in a moment, and they would always espouse the cause of the weak and abused. They knew not what the word fear meant. They would fight to the bitter end to protect their homes and their families, no matter whether it was the Indians, King George, or the authorities of the State of

New York, who undertook to wrest from them their farms, which they had cleared and got into shape so they could get a living from them.

But, Mr. Chairman, we all love the old Bay State, the home of our adoption, and why should we not? The early settlers of Vermont were largely made up of Massachusetts people, and now Vermont is paying her back with interest by sending her sons and daughters here to enter into and help carry on her various industrial and educational pursuits.

And, Sir, from the looks here to-night, I think Worcester has got her share of them; and I don't think she need be ashamed of them as for looks or behavior; and as to their industry, I am bound to say that any one who has had the pleasure of seeing the amount of labor that has been performed in the last hour, will have no hesitation in saying that the old Bay State need have no fears but she will be well taken care of, and Vermont need not blush for her sons or her daughters either.

It is very pleasant to meet so many on this occasion, and I hope this will not be the last gathering of this kind which we may have of the Sons and Daughters of Vermont, but now that we have made a beginning we may continue to meet as often as once a year for a supper, and a great deal oftener for social enjoyment, and thus keep up this organization.

DEAR WORCESTER! Prond city! what more do you want?
Your men and your women were born in Vermont!

Called out Mr. Ransom M. Gould, a native of Newfane, and Chairman of the Executive Committee, who spoke substantially as follows:—

Mr. President, Ladies and Gentlemen:—

I should be excused from speaking this evening, for I have been too busy in preparing this entertainment to allow of any preparation for a speech. The sentiment you offer is two-fold, and requires a more gifted speaker than myself to do it justice. I love Vermont for her rugged hills and her upright and thrifty people, and above all for her free institutions. We call this a free country, but I believe no State is so free as the one we honor to-night. There the right of suffrage is unrestricted except as to simple manhood. Neither poverty nor misfortune can deprive a citizen of Vermont of his right to the ballot. I love Worcester,—I have lived here twenty-four years, and have watched its rapid growth and development within that time with pride. But I am proud, too, of my Vermont birth, and if I were to be born again, I should choose to be born there. I am content to live here, however, for here, I believe, as in but few places, the common people have social and educational advantages of a high order, and opportunities for the development of whatever of enterprise and talent they may possess. In listening to the interesting address of our President, this evening, I thought, as he related the story of the deacon and the bear, that if the Vermont children had been dressed in the style of a Worcester school girl of to-day, they really would have frightened the bears. I am glad to recognize so many friends here, and to witness the interest manifested in our effort to organize our brothers and sisters in a social fraternity. I hope the interest may increase, and that this reunion may be the beginning of a series of similar annual meetings.

The following original hymn, written for the occasion by Mr. George W. Elkins, a native of Roxbury, was sung by the company, Mr. Fred. H. Blake presiding at the organ:—

TUNE—"AMERICA."

I.

Preserver of our race,
Let us with heart and voice,
Sound out thy praise.
Let sons and daughters from
Mountains and valley come,
United all as one,
In all thy ways.

II.

Our thoughts turn back to-night,
From the Green Mountain height
We left behind.
We love our mountain home,
Although from her we roam;
We'll not forget her soon,
As years decline.

III.

Our new adopted home,
We love her as our own
In days of yore.
May we united stand,
Far from our native land,
A true and noble band
Forever more.

IV.

And when life's dream is o'er,
Take us, to part no more
From Thee above;
There, with the angels bright,
We hope to all unite
In yonder world of light,
In perfect love.

The President announced the next sentiment, as follows:

OUR FATHERS lived an honest life of toil,
And planted freedom on Green Mountain soil.

Mr. James S. Rogers, a native of Danby, responded as follows:—

Mr. President and Friends.—After the very interesting and exhaustive summary of the glories of the people of Vermont by our worthy President, I fear that whatever I may add in eulogy of our fathers will be tame and uninteresting. But, nevertheless, I am proud to echo the sentiment, and to raise my

voice here as well as anywhere that occasion may require in praise of our noble Vermont ancestors,—noble sires of a noble State. Indomitable energy, straight-forward dealing, hatred of hypocrisy, abhorrence of debt, and honesty of purpose, were the leading characteristics of those we are proud to call our fathers. I cannot call to mind a more fitting type of a genuine Vermonter than the man whom our citizens honored last year with the highest office in the gift of the city. Born in an obscure hamlet of Vermont, and early accustomed to a life of toil, he applied himself with willing hands and a thankful heart to whatever work was thrown in his way, knowing that to be faithful in a few things was the only way to make himself master over many. Without a lazy bone in his body, and with a brain equally active, looking upon honest toil as not only honorable but ennobling, he rose by his own unaided efforts to the Chief Magistracy of the city,—a city which, from its thrift and innate power to grow and rise above all obstacles, is, more than any other city in the Union, typical of the life and character of the Vermonter whom she wisely chose for her Chief Magistrate.

Our fathers did, indeed, live an honest life of toil. They subdued the stubborn soil and caused the mountain sides to blossom as the rose. They were the Yankees of New England, finding within their own borders the wherewithal to clothe, feed and educate their children, planting in their breasts a spirit of enterprise and perseverance which has made itself felt throughout the globe. The products of the soil and the hidden treasures of the earth have alike contributed to her store of wealth. The granaries, the quarries, the dairies, flocks of sheep, herds of cattle, and proud spirited horses of Vermont have been and still are the envy of sister states. The very sap of her maples is turned to account, and only excelled in sweetness by her fair daughters.

From the time when sister states essayed to deprive her of her territory to the close of the last rebellion, our fathers and their sons have ever been ready to battle for the right and pour out their blood in the sacred cause of freedom. The majestic mountains are no grander than the grand old men who passed their lives beneath the shadow of those everlasting hills; the valleys no more peaceful and beautiful than the lives which they led; the clear water, gushing from the hillsides, no purer than the hearts of these men; the sluggish creeks no slower to anger, nor the mighty mountain torrent more impetuous or resistless, than the true sons of Vermont when their rights were invaded, their liberties assailed, or their country threatened. They, indeed, planted freedom on every foot of Vermont soil; they breathed freedom in every breath. The air was so pure, the ground so free that no slave could live within her borders. The very motto upon the seal of the State is "*Freedom and Unity*," and well has she sustained it. Free schools, free suffrage, free religious belief, and, best of all, freedom from the scourge of slavery,—a proud distinction of which we of Vermont can justly boast,—a heritage which we can hand down to our posterity,—a lustre which adds brightness to the star of Vermont wherever it appears in the galaxy of the Union.

"The voice of our Vermonters, of her free sons and daughters,
Deep calling unto deep aloud,—the sound of many waters.
Against the burden of that voice, what tyrant power shall stand?
No fetters in the Mountain State, no slave upon her land."

The next sentiment offered was as follows:—

OUR MOTHERS spun and wove, and baked and brewed,
And cheered with song the lonely solitude.

Dr. Reuben Spaulding, a native of Sharon, responded. He said:—

No word in any language calls forth such an outburst of feeling and gratitude as the word "mother," and I think this is especially true of the mothers of Vermont. Clustered around this sacred name, are the recollections of our earliest hours, when, folded and sheltered in her arms we drew our earliest nourishment, and experienced the most self-denying love. When I think of my mother, my soul is stirred to its deepest depths, and I find rushing forth from my soul, emotions which no language can express. These emotions flow to us at all times and in all places, whenever we come under the halo of a mother's influence, and the hours of our lives which bring the purest joys are those which bring to us the memory of our mothers. Such memories make us aspire to excellence and worth, that we may honor them, and the success and blessedness of life are due to her influence. The impress of the mother on the child is admired, when we see it in the fully developed man, and maternal discipline and influence are powerful agents in the making of good men and women.

All honor, respect and reverence then be upon all good mothers, here and everywhere, and especially in Vermont. Their sons and daughters, in Massachusetts or elsewhere, shall call down on their heads Christ's choicest blessings, and the memory and virtues of those who lie so peacefully under the green turf of our native State, we enshrine in amaranthine bowers, and we write on our hearts the epitaph. "My mother, next to my Lord I love thee!"

Sons and daughters of Vermont,—Allow me to extend to you a hearty greeting in behalf of those whom we have left in our native State, and whenever you go back to those scenes of your childhood, may your spirits and hearts be encouraged by their love, and greetings, and welcome, and in the future may all our hearts overflow with gratitude at the thought that we first breathed the vital air and shared a mother's love in the good old State of Vermont.

Another tableau was here introduced, "Monday Morning," representing a Vermont kitchen, with the father starting for town with a cheese, and his boy with a basket of eggs; the wife washing at the big tub, while the youngest girl imitated her with doll's clothes in a hand-basin, and an older girl was preparing to put the week's wash out to dry. It was an elaborate and successful representation.

THE ANCIENT CLERGY loved their country's cause,
Proclaimed the gospel, and sustained the laws.

This was the next sentiment, and Rev. Ebenezer Cutler, D. D., of Waterford, was introduced to respond.

He expressed his gratitude at being elected an honorary member of the Association. He did not know that he owed Massachusetts any apology for having been born within her borders. Perhaps his hearers would forgive him that slight delinquency, when he informed them that his earliest recollections are of Vermont. He said he hardly knew how to interpret the word "ancient" in the sentiment,—whether it was a compliment to his age or his youth,—quoting Lord Bacon's remark, that the most ancient is the most recent, the farthest from the beginning. If he accepted this interpretation, he must talk of himself and his contemporaries, but he supposed the design was really to draw out something in relation to the older clergy. Your President, he said, has alluded to Ethan Allen, noted for his roughness and profanity, and his advocacy of infidelity. He had for his associates many men like himself, rough and wicked, but brave, patriotic, and of value to the State. Near him was the line over which criminals from the States fled to escape arrest, and many of them halted near the line of the British possessions. This tendency of criminals to emigrate northward, tended to make the lives of the early ministers of Vermont an unusually hard one. Some of the incidents illustrating their condition and characters were related.

Rev. Lemuel Haynes was born a mulatto, having a black father and a white mother. The child was cast off by its mother, and took the name of the family in which she lived when it was born. He was reared in the family of a good deacon, named Rhodes, and when he was old enough, he was required to read aloud in the evening from the sermons of President Davis, Dr. Watts, or Mr. Whitefield. One Saturday evening he read to his foster-parents a sermon without giving the name of the author. They were especially pleased with it, and, demanding its authorship, the reader was forced to admit that it was his own. This sermon was published, and as the work of an uneducated lad, is a remarkable production. It gave token of what he was to become. He was educated, and proved to possess native wit. He had to encounter the rough spirits who associated with Allen. In a controversy with one of them, who was defending the infidel doctrines of the time, the friend of Allen said the Devil himself could not destroy their cause. Haynes at once replied, "You need have no fear of that,—he'd never try!" He once had a controversy with another of the same class, who asserted that virtue was only natural affection! "Then," said Haynes, "my old swine is full of it; she won't let me get into the pen where her pigs are!" It was he, too, who being met on the street by two scoffers, and told by them that the Devil was dead, immediately stopped, placed his hands on their heads, and said: "Poor, fatherless children—what will become of you?" Near Rutland was a bachelor clergyman, advanced in years. He persisted in his celibacy, until the neighboring ministers began to interfere, and urge upon him the duty of marriage. Among

others, Haynes visited him, and obtained his promise to think of the matter. He then said to Haynes, "You've got several fine daughters; perhaps I can't do better than to take one of them." But Haynes replied, "Yes, I've got some nice girls, and I've taken great pains to raise them, and now I don't want to throw them away!" He preached among his people for thirty years before they knew that he was not white. When it was known, a man sat down in his church without removing his hat, to show his contempt for the minister; but Haynes preached at him so strongly that the hat was respectfully removed before the sermon was concluded.

This instance tallies with the personal freedom, which we have heard of to-night, as an especial characteristic of a Vermonter; and Vermont ministers have ever been as true to the cause of freedom as to truth and righteousness.

I have met with many of the Vermont ministers. One, whom I met about the time I became a minister myself, I still remember. I stopped at the same house, and was obliged to sleep with him. He was a monstrous man, and so warm-blooded that he had to walk out in the snow in the evening, barefooted, to cool himself off. In consequence of his bodily warmth, he could not bear to sleep with more than a sheet over him, in a room without stove or furnace, save himself. I suffered as much from the cold, that night, as he ever did from the heat; and he was recalled to my mind, years afterwards, when I heard of Rev. George Allen saying that he had no objection to sleeping with Rev. Rodney A. Miller, except a natural objection to sleeping with any one who was crowded even when alone.

I remember, too, a missionary up at Fairfield, named Marshall. He continued his labors as an Evangelist, with good results, and after an absence, would return to a field of labor, and wherever he found a sufficient number of faithful ones, he would organize a church. When he returned to Fairfield, he found that a Baptist minister had been there, and immersed all his converts. He was much chagrined to hear of this, and after breakfast he walked out by himself, meditating on the misfortune. He passed a pond that was nearly dry, and saw a hen with a first brood of young ducks. On seeing the water, the ducks plunged in, leaving the hen disconsolate on the bank. Marshall looked at the fowls, and recognizing a likeness of position between himself and the hen, said: "Well, I've got a revelation! Ducks will be ducks, even though hatched by a hen!" He was an eccentric man. On one occasion the association of which he was a member, had a public service, and he was assigned to preach. He was an off-hand speaker, and preached without preparation; but after a while, in the midst of his sermon, he broke down; he stopped, and said: "The spirit has left me; Brother —, will you go on and finish the sermon?" He was asked, the next morning, how he felt; his reply was, — "Never better; I went home and took six pills of morification, and rested nicely." Being called on to say grace at table, on one occasion, he asked a blessing on each dish, calling each by name in course, till he came to a plate of "hash," of which, he said: "Lord, hodge-podge, I guess; I don't know what you call it!" On another occasion, in asking the blessing in the morning, where he had been entertained over night, he thanked the Lord for personal blessings, for his journey, and shelter and bed, "although," said he, "it was

shorter than a man could stretch himself, and the cover narrower than would wrap him comfortably." The brethren once formally expostulated with him on his eccentricities. He professed great humility and sorrow, and being asked to close the conference with prayer, he said: "Oh Lord, we thank thee that at last we have all come to the conclusion to hitch all our horses to the same post."

He said if time would allow, he could call over a long list of Vermont clergymen, celebrated in their labors and in literature; men like Dr. Burton, of Thetford, the nestor of the "taste theory" or scheme, in opposition to the "exercise theory"; and Rev. Dr. James Marsh, one of the most profound metaphysicians in the world, whose works, though fragmentary, are highly valued; or one other, now living, who was old when he (Cutler) was young, a teacher, preacher, and publisher of school books, who has achieved a splendid fame as a scholar and a discoverer in natural science.

He expressed the belief that there are but few parishes in Vermont that are destitute of settled pastors, notwithstanding the fact that she has been severely drawn upon to supply other fields, and that her distinguished sons are widely scattered. Among these, he alluded to the celebrated Rev. Jeremiah Evarts, former secretary of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, to the present Foreign Secretary of that Board, and to the missionary Bingham, of the Sandwich Islands, who was born in Bennington, and closed with the remark that if time would allow, he could call up many more names, of those whose mention would glorify the profession in whose praise he had been called to speak.

THE BOYS OF VERMONT, some think, are right "green,"
Though they ripen in time, as has often been seen;
But when they arrive at six feet three or four,
And touch at both ends, the ceiling and floor,
Most people admit, with the tongue and the pen,
That the Boys of Vermont *can* grow to be men.

Mr. Ira G. Blake, a native of Peacham, responded to this sentiment, as follows:

Mr. Chairman, Sons and Daughters of Vermont.—We are endeavoring to-night, by these sentiments and life pictures, to take a retrospective view of the Green Mountain State. The State we love; the State of our nativity. We who have been boys among those hills can but enjoy this hour.

I am called upon to speak to the sentiment "*Vermont Boys*." First, who are boys? and must I confine my words to mere boys. A boy is a boy until he gets to be a man, although, in common parlance, we used to speak of "fellers." This last was a sort of stepping stone from boy to man, as, for instance, I was a *boy*, until a very important event occurred when I was twelve years of age. I went home with a girl from an apple paring. Then I was a "feller." I could also hold a plow, drive a span of colts, and do some other things, and I must be called something besides a boy. Vermont boys begin to "*peep*" quite young, very much like chickens. Said Tim Chamberlain, up in old

Peacham, astonishing the villagers one night at the corner *store*, by his announcement that he was going to leave town; said he, "As soon as a boy is born here in Peacham, he yells out, 'D—n Tim Chamberlain.' I won't stand it; I'm going to leave town." And he did. What is the size of these boys? One that weighs twelve pounds at the age of one day is a medium sized boy. What's their shape? They can roll one way as well as another. At the age of fifteen years their feet are incased in No. 15 boots, the number of the boot corresponding with the number of the birthday, and are mostly arms and hands, legs and feet. Speaking of boots reminds me that some present went skating barefooted, and chopped wood barefooted, standing on the warm side of a board. What number of boots they wore I can't tell. Are these boys useful in their day and generation? Yes, they are. They are splendid to hunt hen's nests, which requires that rolling, crawling motion for which they are specially adapted. They are splendid also for bringing in wood, their long arms encircling a whole wood-box full. They are also useful to keep bread and pumpkin pies from moulding, draw cider on a winter's evening, and squeak the fiddle so the family won't get sleepy. As to their tastes and ambition, they have what you call a "sweet tooth," for they invariably love girls and maple sugar. They enjoy a sugaring-off' hugely. They also have a particular hankering for huskings, apple parings, June trainings, musters and cattle shows. They always enjoy a good horse, especially if he is a Morgan or a Morrill. Mince pies, doughnuts, gingerbread and flapjacks won't stand in their way a great while, and sweet cider and hasty pudding are only laid aside by the usual caution of their mother. They can "mow and hoe," "pitch and rake," "chop and shovel," in short do any thing.

In quantities these boys are raised to such an extent that the home market was flooded, and they were exported to other states. Massachusetts calling for more than her quota, so that here their usefulness is apparent, as merchants, mechanics, doctors, ministers, lawyers, councilmen, judges and mayors. For the last named office they are especially adapted. As to courage and patriotism, I have only to say that from the time Ethan Allen and Seth Warner contested for the right, when English oppression undertook to deprive the Vermonters of their homes, honestly acquired, up through the late civil war, there has been many a Pete Jones whose axe has been left sticking in the tree, and plow in the furrow, to help vindicate the right. Those hands and arms, legs and feet, have had body and brain, heart and soul, fighting and dying for the right, actuated by the same spirit which called out the answer, "By the great Jehovah and the Continental Congress," at Ticonderoga.

I will close by saying, all honor to Vermont boys, none truer, none nobler. And as were our fathers and brothers, so let *us* be true to God, our country, and the State of our adoption.

At the close of Mr. Blake's address, the company united in singing "Home, Sweet Home."

Mr. John W. Hadley was called upon to respond for the ladies, the sentiment being:—

"THE GIRLS OF VERMONT, with their numerous charms,
Can conquer a legion of soldiers in arms."

He expressed a wonder why he was assigned this duty, but flattered himself it was either because he was the best looking man in the crowd, or on account of that other John Hadley, mentioned by the President, who had twenty-five children, all girls! He was sorry that he was not born in Vermont, but couldn't help it. He knew something, however, of those girls. His first sweetheart was a Vermont girl, and so was his wife, who, when the war of the rebellion opened, sat up all night, cheerfully, to make him shirts to carry with him when he marched, at twelve hours notice, to the relief of the National Capital. He spoke in praise of the Vermont soldiers, whose prowess he witnessed during the war, and said that much of their courage and success was due to the wives, sisters and mothers who stood behind them, praying for them, and sending them words of good cheer and encouragement. He would neither confirm nor deny the suggestions in the sentiment, that these women "can conquer a legion of soldiers in arms," but he could assert from personal observation, that they can conquer a hearty man at the supper table; he himself had just been conquered, and would surrender. He asked all honor for the staple products of Vermont,—men, women, maple sugar and horses:—

"The first and last are strong and fleet;
The second and third are very sweet,
And all are very hard to beat!"

THE ANCIENT MILITIA, the pride of the State,
The soul of June trainings, — (abandoned of late),
The terror of tyrants, the friend of the slave,
The head-light of freedom, the chief of the brave.

Mr. Samuel C. Smith, a native of Waitsfield, responded to this sentiment, but said that what little he had to do with the ancient militia was long ago; he could say, with Othello, "My occupation's gone." He had rather add something in response to the preceding sentiment, for he remembered something of those two sweet products of Vermont,—girls and maple sugar. He said that in his section it was not uncommon, in the sugar season, to make it in the house, where the mother was spinning tow, and syrup and tow were scattered liberally over the floor. The girls were daubed with sweet from head to foot, and one way to ascertain when the sap was sufficiently boiled, was to catch up one of these girls and throw her against the ceiling; if she dropped, the syrup needed more boiling, but if she stuck, it was done!

This sentiment was followed by a tableau, "A Rainy Day," a view representing a Vermont kitchen, on a rainy day. The father shelling corn on a shovel, the mother spinning, a boy and girl winding yarn, a girl tending the baby, and two children building cob houses on the floor. Like the other tableau, this was capitally put upon the stage, and was received with great favor.

The next regular sentiment was:—

TUE BAR OF VERMONT, the successful defender
Of all,—except those who've been on a bender.

William B. Harding, Esq., of Wardsboro', responded, speaking as follows:

It is to be regretted, Mr. President, that the Vermont Bar itself has not an abler defender here to-night. I am afraid my exertions in behalf of this institution of Vermont, will be as unsuccessful as the exertions of the bar are supposed to be by our poetic President, in behalf of those "who've been on a bender." Could you listen to the eloquence of a few of Vermont's lawyers,—to a Paul Dillingham, a Redfield, a Poland, a Steele, a Bradley, a Shafter, and others whom I might mention, you would have additional reason to be proud of your old native State. But unfortunately they are not with us; and unfortunately the only member of the legal profession in Worcester, who has any claim to be called a son of Vermont, is my poor, humble self.

Would that I could make out as clear a case to-night for my profession, as our good reverend friend, Dr. Cutler, has for his; my failure to do so will be owing partly to my ignorance, and partly to the weakness of my cause. Although I have great respect for the Vermont bar, as I have for any other institution of old Vermont, yet, as an institution, I must confess that it is hardly equal to her other institutions; and I suppose the reason is, that the honest, sober, industrious and virtuous people of good old Vermont give but slight encouragement to lawyers. Lawyers thrive better on the soil of Massachusetts, where neighbor quarrels with neighbor, where many men are unable to distinguish their own property from the property of others, and where many a man goes "on a bender." Now, I am not intending to slander old Massachusetts; Heaven knows that we have every reason to be proud of the old Bay State; in many respects she is second to none in the Union. But it is a fact the most ardent admirer of Massachusetts cannot deny, that old Vermont has more empty jails, more empty poor-houses, fewer people unable to read and write, fuller barns, finer scenery, warmer hearts, stronger arms, better maple sugar, apple sauce and baked beans, than any other State in the Union. But our good old State is not celebrated simply for the luxuries of her table, and beautiful scenery. She has given to the world *men*: to the realm of poetry she has given a Saxe, a Brown, a Page, a Spence, and a Gage; to art and sculpture, a Powers; to the councils of the nation, a Douglass, a Foote, an Edmunds, a Poland, and others whose name is legion. She has given to Worcester one of the best Mayors we ever had, our President, Jillson; a distinguished physician, our friend, Dr. Martin; a Gould, who serves the precepts of the law; a Bliss, who tickles our appetites with sweetmeats, and sells us last year's maple sugar for new. She has furnished men and women who with strong hands and brave hearts have ever been found in the foremost ranks of progress. Her sons and daughters have gone into all our States, Territories and cities; and have given fresh impetus to the onward march of civilization, wealth and education. The broken and depleted ranks of our cities are now

being replenished with the sturdy, stalwart Green Mountain Boys; and to annihilate old Vermont, would be like drying up the very springs that feed the rivers and lakes. Her sons have ever been foremost in responding to the call of duty in defence of the country, from the time when Ethan Allen, at the head of his Green Mountain Boys, in the name of the Great Jehovah and Continental Congress, demanded the surrender of Ticonderoga, down to the time when Lee surrendered his rebel horde at Appomattox. We shall not soon forget the heroic deeds of the Green Mountain Boys, led by Ethan Allen and Seth Warner; neither shall we soon forget the old Vermont Brigade, which with a Vermont lawyer, Brig. Gen. Grant, of Bellows Falls, bear in mind, at its head, exhibited so much bravery in the Wilderness, at Spottsylvania and Cold Harbor, and through the long dark days of the rebellion fought so faithfully and manfully in the cause of the Union and the right. Glorious old State! Not a blot rests upon her escutcheon. Her flag never trailed in the dust, and the sons and daughters of Vermont, wherever they may be scattered over the wide world, have every reason to be proud of their native State.

I regard myself as an adopted son of this organization, for the reason that in early infancy I became an adopted son of old Vermont. Now, as under the present law, an adopted child has all the rights of a natural one, I claim equal rights with you who were a little more fortunate. I shall always regret that I was not born in Vermont; possibly Vermont will not. But though I am not to the manor born, yet, consciousness, reason, and the first impressions of life, had their birth on the Green Mountains, in the green valleys, beside the rippling brooks of good old Windham county. My boyhood days were spent in climbing her hills, in following her trout brooks, in skating upon her ponds, and in conning the old spelling book in the little red school house under the hill. Memory to-night carries me back to her substantial farm houses, to the corn huskings, the apple parings, the sugar groves, the red school house, and the playmates of my childhood; and would I could live those happy days over again in reality, as we are living them over again to-night in memory.

“The hills are dearest which our childish feet have climbed the earliest;
The springs most sweet are ever those at which our young lips drank.”

Old Vermont, though thy winters are long, thy snows deep, thy hills rugged, yet with all thy faults I love thee still.

OLD WINDHAM has sent from her beautiful hills
Physicians and surgeons, — good judges of pills;
And Whitingham, though she lies out in the cold,
Has produced one as loyal as any of old.

This sentiment, referring to Dr. Oramel Martin, of Whitingham, was intended for a response by him. Illness, however, prevented his attendance at the festival. His response, which was prepared before he was attacked with illness, was as follows:

Mr. President, Ladies and Gentlemen: — I am happy to know that my heart first beat among the Green Mountains of Vermont. I am proud of the county

and town to which your toast alludes, — proud of her rugged hills — her green slopes — her pure air — her clear, blue sky, unequaled by Italy herself. I am proud of her fertile valleys, her crystal streams, her magnificent scenery, beyond which no lover of nature need go. I am proud of the integrity, industry and intelligence of her people. Of the birth-place of one of the ablest, though mistaken, religious organizers of the present age: of the sturdy intellect, independent character, loyalty to principle and truth of our worthy ex-Mayor; of the Bliss-ful caterer of this evening's entertainment; of the Houghtons, the Putnams, and Tylers, who, I hope, are present. I am proud of the county which has given us our Goulds, our Boydens, our Holdens, our Fitches, our Starks, our Blakes, and our Rawsons.

I am proud of the State which has given us some of the ablest Statesmen and most eloquent orators our country ever produced. Of the whole people of Vermont, patriotic, loyal, true to their highest convictions; acknowledging allegiance to no power save the "Great Jehovah," and the laws of the country under which they live.

Now, Mr. President, having given expression of the love I bear for the State from whence I came, I give place to more able and eloquent lips than my own.

OUR FLOCK has been wand'ring from wintry weather,
But still needs a "Shepard" to keep it together.

This sentiment was responded to by Mr. Constant Shepard, a native of Sharon, who said :

That in his wanderings about the city, he had been surprised to find how many of the most worthy citizens were, like himself, sons of Vermont. Their numbers suggested to him the idea of the possibility of such a meeting. The suggestion was made to one friend and another, and being received favorably, led to this organization and reunion, which he hoped would continue its existence with a similar annual gathering. He alluded to the fact that many citizens have known each other for years, but did not discover that they were natives of the same good old State, until this association brought them together. In regard to the suggestion that he was the shepherd of the flock, he said that a few days before, he passed one of Dr. Cutler's deacons, with a little boy, on the street. The boy, in reply to questions as to who he was, was told it was Mr. Shepard; — "Shepard," said the boy, "has he many sheep?" The boy's father thought not, when the boy said: "What do they call him 'Shepard' for, if he has no sheep?" He was surprised to see so large a flock this evening, most of whom had followed him: he having come from his native State in 1839. He rejoiced in the opportunity of meeting so many old friends, and was proud to call himself a Vermonter. In closing, he expressed the hope that all present might so conduct themselves as to honor their native State, and also that all might hear the voice of the Good Shepherd and follow Him to the better land.

The next sentiment was "YANKEE DOODLE," to which Mr. George W. Elkins responded, by singing the following original lines, to the familiar and patriotic air:—

From north to south, from east to west,
In every State and town, Sir,
We hear that some Green Mountain Boy
Has settled thereabout, Sir.

Chorus.—With cheerful hearts and faces bright,
We've gathered here to-night, Sir,—
The Sons and Daughters of Vermont;
Who claims a better right, Sir?

The Daughters of Vermont, you know,
Are jealous of their skill, Sir;
In cooking every kind of dish,
All others they excel, Sir.

With cheerful hearts, &c.

They used to card and spin and weave
The cloth for pantaloons, Sir;
They spun and wove the cloth, besides,
To make themselves a gown, Sir.

With cheerful hearts, &c.

We used to have bean porridge hot,
We used to have it cold, Sir;
We used to like it much the best
When it was nine days old, Sir.

With cheerful hearts, &c.

Vermont has raised some noble men,—
Of some I will make mention;
I'll name a few and skip a few
Assembled here to-night, Sir.

With cheerful hearts, &c.

There's Jillson, Martin, Stone and Gould,
There's Spaulding, Blake and Parker;
There's Shepard, Hildreth, Bliss and Fitch,
And Randall, Russ and Rogers.

With cheerful hearts, &c.

Some found their wives in old Vermont,
And some found none at all, Sir;
Some took theirs from the old Bay State,
Without the least regret, Sir.

With cheerful hearts, &c.

THE FARMER AND BLACKSMITH found work in Vermont,
While the ARCHITECT thought he was coming to want;
So he started for Worcester, with plans in his head,
Of churches with steeples, — without any shed!

Mr. Elbridge Boyden, a native of Somerset, responded to this sentiment, as follows:—

Mr. President: — There are a few things man is not responsible for, among which are first, the place of his birth; second, his birthday and his early childhood; and lastly, for being called upon for a speech on an occasion like this. It so happened that I was born in the State of Vermont, but of the particular town where the event occurred, I can give but little account, as I left it when about six months old. My attachments for our Green Mountain home are not, therefore, as strong as many others present may feel. I could not have selected a better birthday than was given me, which was early in the morning of the Fourth of July, in season to celebrate a day that has ever been memorable to me.

The attraction which induced me, as well as the rest of the people, to take up a residence here, was expressed by a celebrated traveler and temperance lecturer, who said he had traveled in nearly every State of the Union, and in foreign countries; and he had come to the conclusion that the United States was the best country and the happiest people on the face of the earth, and the New England States was the best part of the United States, and Massachusetts the best part of New England, Worcester County the best part of Massachusetts, and the city of Worcester the best part of Worcester County. This, I think, is the conclusion we have all reached, and accounts for so many Vermonters being residents here and present to-night.

While returning recently from a journey to some of the Western and Northwestern States, I was thinking of what the traveler I spoke of had said, and I had come to the conclusion that he was about right, and that I would not be willing to give up New England and its churches with steeples, its schools and society, notwithstanding it has faults, if I could have in exchange all I had seen during my journey, when a party of ladies and gentlemen seated behind me in the car, entered into conversation. They, too, were Vermonters, but had been absent twenty-one years, and were then going to visit their former home. One of the gentlemen was asked if he was not afraid his wife would want to stay in Vermont. His wife answered, "No; I would not go back there to live, if they would give me all the New England States."

That was her idea; mine was the opposite, but I still believe there is no place like our adopted home, where we can and do build "churches with steeples, and barns with sheds."

OUR DEAR FRIENDS AT HOME, we remember you all,
And greet you to-night from this festival hall,

Was responded to by Mr. Parker G. Skinner, a native of Windsor, who spoke substantially as follows:—

Mr. Chairman, and Sons and Daughters of Vermont:—I am extremely happy to see so many of my friends from all parts of our native State, and to meet so many worthy and intelligent men and women. When I came to Worcester, I expected to find but few Vermonters here, and was surprised to hear that there were some fourteen hundred who claim my native State as their birthplace. In looking over this assembly, I feel that no State, save Vermont, could have called out such a representation in Worcester; I feel honored in my nativity, and new pride in the good old State. I feel sure, Mr. Chairman, that our friends at home do sympathize with you here; that their hearts beat in unison with ours, to-night. Enough has been said to show that we have not forgotten our home; let all of us think of our friends there. How easily this meeting takes our minds back to the old home gatherings. We had but few of the finer comforts of life then, but the men were honest, and the women were pure, and all were happy in their simple lives. We may never forget them, and should strive so far as we can to emulate their virtues.

A brief dramatic sketch, “Betsey and I,” was here presented, by Mrs. J. S. Rogers and Mrs. S. V. Stone, who won the heartiest applause of the evening, by their capital assumption of their parts.

Vermont boasts of marble, and other hard rocks,
And furnishes SCULPTORS to finish the blocks.

Mr. Benjamin H. Kinney, a native of Sunderland, who was detained from personal attendance, sent the following response:—

Mr. President:—

You have served me a dish, somewhat hard to digest,
But with hammer and chisel I'll soon do my best.

THE ROCKS OF VERMONT.

From her rocks was reared the proudest old hall
That stands by the proudest of ways;
And in gems of art, some great and some small,
Her marble is speaking her praise.

She has mountain rocks, with gorges and breaks,
And rocks in her hills and her vales;
And she's rocks beside her beautiful lakes,
Close down to the white, gleaming sails.

And she's towering rocks amid her bright streams,
Where purest of water o'erflows,
As it leaps, and breaks, and sparkles, and gleams,
With tints of gayest rainbows.

She has rocks very hard, and rocks that are not,
In ledges and huge looking blocks;
And she's rocks beneath her bright, greenest spot,—
And more — she's — “pockets full of rocks.”

The next sentiment was:—

THE CHURCH OF VERMONT was a practical thing;
Sustaining the State, and opposing the King.

The response was by Mr. George Prichard, a native of Bradford, who spoke as follows:—

Mr. President, Ladies and Gentlemen:— The limited time and the lateness of the hour forbid my enlarging very much on the topic which our honored President has assigned me. The early settlers of the Green Mountain State were largely practical, God-fearing men and women. They were willing to sacrifice ease and self for the good of others. Although many were rough and uncultivated in their manners, they possessed sterling common sense, and for true bravery they have never been exceeded in the history of the world. Leaving the more favored settlements in New England and New York, for the then unbroken wilderness, known as the New Hampshire Grants, they traveled on foot, on horseback, and in canoes, by the aid of marked trees, subjecting themselves to hardships and privations, which we, at the present day, cannot fully realize. The valley of the Connecticut, with which I am more familiar than other sections of the State, was covered then with immense pines, large numbers of which, in subsequent years, were cut and delivered to French contractors, to be shipped to France, for the Royal Navy. The earliest settlements in the eastern townships were made at Bennington, Guilford, Westminster, Brattleboro, Windsor, Norwich, Bradford, and Newbury; also at Charlestown No. 4, and Orford in New Hampshire, and generally near the banks of the rivers. After some clearing of the forest, their small log hut was erected, followed by a saw and grist mill, the church and school house, store and blacksmith shop. With a steady increase of immigration, the extensive forests rapidly disappeared and gave place to cultivated fields; roads were opened in every direction, and comfortable farm-houses soon took the place of the rude huts, the nucleus of the rising village and the thriving town. They were, at times, in great danger of being cut off by the savages, as also from the incursions of Tories. Being descendants of the Puritans, they were solicitous to form churches, and sustain the preached gospel, thus laying deep and broad the foundations, which under God, were to be their bulwark of defence.

The leading men and women were largely members of the churches in Massachusetts and Connecticut, and early formed themselves into church relations. "That the Church of Vermont was a practical thing, sustaining the State and opposing the King," is a truth of which we have the most conclusive evidence. The early settlers from Massachusetts and Connecticut, had been taught in their native homes, to reverence religion and its institutions. Hence, we find them voting upon themselves a tax for the support of preaching. Many parts of the State were missionary fields, and in others the Gospel was sustained by town authority; the church having no deciding voice in the settlement of their minister. This method was attended with many difficulties, and finally

proved a failure, and the voluntary plan prevailed. "The Church is the pillar and ground-work of truth"; and the early as well as later ecclesiastical records, show that those who were set for the defence of the gospel, were earnest and devoted servants of Christ; many of whom were distinguished for their labors, both in Church and State. They were the acknowledged leaders in all the moral reforms of the day, as well as faithful shepherds over their flocks. As they feared God and hated oppression, we find them earnestly resisting the claims of New York to jurisdiction over the Colonies; and during the Revolution, in many instances, buckling on the armor, and going forth in defence of liberty.

Our common schools, academies and colleges, bear witness to the great interest felt by the early settlers for the education of their children. In conclusion, let me ask: where will you find more enterprising men and women, than in our loved mountain State? A rough, elevated region, has always been found favorable to health and force of character. Their love of work, indomitable courage, and never dying perseverance, has given them a name and a power in our land. No State in the Union has so little pauperism, and more genuine independence, and substantial comforts. In intellectual improvement, religious character, and political integrity, she stands in the front ranks. Her sons and daughters are widely scattered over this favored land, carrying their enterprise with them. This State has received large installments, and this city of our adoption a host, whose names and deeds are familiar to most of us. Let us on this festive occasion, renew our friendship, and also our devotion, to our native State, while not being less thankful for that providence that has cast our lot in this beautiful city, of the "Old Bay State."

The last sentiment arranged for the evening, was:—

THE ANCIENT CUSTOMS, by our fathers taught,
Gave zest to life, and common sense to thought.

Mr. Charles G. Parker, a native of Wolcott, was expected to respond, but sudden illness prevented his attendance. He sent the following reply:—

As a son of Vermont, I heartily recognize and deeply appreciate the truth of a sentiment so beautifully expressed. Standing here in the heart of New England, I hear those noble teachings from among the green hills, echoing through the memories of the past, and rumbling down the vista of all time to come—the grand embodiment of human wisdom.

Upon every hand I behold practical illustrations of their usefulness, in the integrity of the many hundred hardy sons who fill places of trust, of honor, and of responsibility; and for whom no position in the gift of a nation seems too exalted.

From the frigid to the torrid zone,—from ocean to ocean,—prosperous merchants, sage legislators, and honored Statesmen, send greetings to mothers and sisters in Vermont, and acknowledgments to fathers that the wisdom of early teachings has led them into the front rank of human progress.

The closing tableau was a view of an old-fashioned "Apple Bee," in which old men and matrons, lads and lassies, and little children, were all engaged in paring apples and stringing them for drying; and the design was well carried out.

The curtain fell, and the tables were abandoned at just twelve o'clock; but the sitting had not seemed long. Congratulations were general, on the successful manner in which the reunion had been conducted, and all joined in the determination to aid in making a similar gathering an annual feature hereafter. "Auld Lang Syne" was sung, and the company was dismissed.

The following lines, written for the festival, by "Cousin Constance," were received too late to be used there. They find an appropriate place here: —

REMINISCENCES OF HOME.

Well, we expect some noise to-night,
Some laughter — maybe crying, —
Some pretty speeches, happy sights,
As fast the hours are flying;
For who, when children meet together,
Expects to see but changing weather?

Mother's away, — just bear in mind,
Ye happy sons and daughters;
God bless her, though she's left behind;
We're here to recommoire
The dear old past, perhaps to find
Some treasures it has left behind.

The dear old past: our childhood's home,
Up there among the mountains;
The pleasant paths again to roam;
The little, laughing fountains
We filled our cups from — ah, no others
Can taste so sweet — now can they, brothers?

The miles we trudged, all uncomplaining,
To school, through cold and summer weather,
That we, a little knowledge gaining,
Of adverbs, pronouns, verbs, together;
A "horrid bore," we called them then;
And then our writing — goose-quill pens.

How busy kept we master, why!
We see him now, with squinted eye,
Holding aloft a pen to nib.
And frowning, as a paper squib
From reckless boy, just missed his nose;
Investigation never shows

Who does these things — for every boy
 At once is deep in his subtraction,
 With knitted brows, and girls employ
 Their laughing eyes in tedious fractions ;
 And all, when questioned, only say, —
 "I wasn't looking, Sir, that way."

The picnics on the mountain side,
 The nutting parties full of glee,
 The moonlight, dashing horseback ride ;
 Of one such, I've a memory
 When a hard-bitted, furious creature
 Was not to me a pleasant feature.

But of all memories, brightest, best,
 That throng to-night, it seems to me,
 The driving snow-storm's wild unrest,
 With its white, whirling mystery ;
 And father packed us close together,
 To drive to school ; — I wonder whether

The fun was most, when turning out,
 Our sleigh upset us in the snow ;
 Or when, with many a race and shout,
 With laughing comrades we would go
 Afoot, and every now and then,
 Plunge in the drifts and out again.

What recked we of the wintry weather,
 Of fashion's rules, or etiquette ?
 Our hearts were light as snowy feather ;
 We would not, if we could, forget
 The homely joys that blessed us there,
 Amid the free, Green Mountain air.

Ah, well ! the years have come and gone,
 And drifted to the shoreless sea
 These pleasant things ; and yet our song
 To-night, shall not all mournful be,
 When we, as children, older grown
 Meet, after years, away from home.

And looking back, through smiles and tears,
 O'er varying paths, yet bless the hand
 That leads us through these changing years,
 Still onward, to that other land —
 Where, grant it Heaven, these sons and daughters
 Shall meet again beyond Death's waters.

Cousin Constance.

Worcester, Feb. 10, 1874.

NAMES AND NATIVITY OF MEMBERS.

Adams, Hiram B.	<i>Concord.</i>	Elkins, George W.	<i>Roxbury.</i>
Amunden, James M.	<i>Grafton.</i>	Fisher, DeWitt	<i>Putney.</i>
Annis, John W.	<i>Stratford.</i>	Fisher, George jr.	<i>Newfane.</i>
Armstrong, Byron D.	<i>Norwich.</i>	Fitch, Dana H.	<i>Guilford.</i>
Atkins, William W.	<i>Waterbury.</i>	Fuller, Amos W.	<i>Weston.</i>
Baker, David J.	<i>Mt. Holly.</i>	Gassett, Merrill	<i>Windsor.</i>
Baldwin, Charles D.	<i>Coventry.</i>	Gibbs, Ivers	<i>Benson.</i>
Bancroft, William F.	<i>Catalis.</i>	Gould, Benj. F.	<i>Townshend.</i>
Barnard, William C.	<i>Springfield.</i>	Gould, Charles M.	<i>Rockingham.</i>
Barney, Chandler P.	<i>Williston.</i>	Gould, James C.	<i>Newfane.</i>
Barney, Jonathan L.	<i>Williston.</i>	Gould, Ransom M.	<i>Newfane.</i>
Bassett, Laciis J.	<i>Eden.</i>	Grover, Julian H.	<i>Brandon.</i>
Belknap, James W.	<i>Barnard.</i>	Harding, William B.	<i>Wardsboro.</i>
Bennett, Charles W.	<i>Royalton.</i>	Hammond, Edward H.	<i>Weathersfield.</i>
Benson, Henry E.	<i>Winnall.</i>	Hammond, Willard F.	<i>Weathersfield.</i>
Bigelow, Elijah W.	<i>Wilmington.</i>	Harrington, David	<i>Vergennes.</i>
Blake, Charles H.	<i>Marlboro.</i>	Hemenway, Alpheus H.	<i>Chester.</i>
Blake, Ira G.	<i>Peacham.</i>	Hewett, Elmer	<i>Pomfret.</i>
Blake, R. Elliot	<i>Brattleboro.</i>	Hildreth, George G.	<i>Brattleboro.</i>
Bliss, George L.	<i>Whitingham.</i>	Hildreth, Samuel E.	<i>Brattleboro.</i>
Bliss, George S.	<i>Essex.</i>	Hill, Cornelius H.	<i>Westford.</i>
Blodgett, Nye P.	<i>Barton.</i>	Hodgdon, Alanson I.	<i>Williston.</i>
Bowker, Charles A.	<i>St. Johnsbury.</i>	Holcombe, Lucius	<i>Bristol.</i>
Boyden, Elbridge	<i>Somerset.</i>	Holden, Alfred	<i>Newfane.</i>
Briggs, Charles S.	<i>Bristol.</i>	Hooker, Parker C.	<i>Peacham.</i>
Briggs, Fred. W.	<i>Brattleboro.</i>	Howe, Lucius F.	<i>Harrard.</i>
Brown, Henry H.	<i>Marlboro.</i>	Houghton, Lemuel	<i>Whitingham.</i>
Brown, Phylonzo	<i>Wardsboro.</i>	Hunt, Frank T.	<i>Montpelier.</i>
Brown, R. L.	<i>Marlboro.</i>	Jillson, Clark	<i>Whitingham.</i>
Bruce, Joseph	<i>Marlboro.</i>	Kent, Ezra	<i>Wallingford.</i>
Buck, D. Azro A.	<i>Tunbridge.</i>	Kidder, Richard B.	<i>Wardsboro.</i>
Bushnell, George H.	<i>Waitsfield.</i>	Kieleler, M.	<i>Wardsboro.</i>
Bushnell, Oscar P.	<i>Waitsfield.</i>	Kingsbury Harlan W.	<i>Chester.</i>
Butterfield, Hiram	<i>Winnall.</i>	Kinsley, Daniel	<i>Fletcher.</i>
Cobb, John L.	<i>Jamaica.</i>	Knight, A. L.	<i>Dover.</i>
Coburn, S. P.	<i>Fairlee.</i>	Knight, Charles V.	<i>Dover.</i>
Culver, Austin L.	<i>Pomfret.</i>	Landers, Robert	<i>Brandon.</i>
Cutler, Ebenezer	<i>Waterford.</i>	Lapoint, Joseph O.	<i>Brandon.</i>
Cutler, John H.	<i>Brookline.</i>	Lee, Joseph	<i>Williston.</i>
Curtis, Oscar P	<i>Newport.</i>	Leland, Aaron	<i>Chester.</i>
Curtis, William	<i>Newport.</i>	Libby, Lavine	<i>Danbury.</i>
Davis, Wesley	<i>Northfield.</i>	Lindsey, Henry	<i>Jamaica.</i>
Denny, Edward	<i>Berlin.</i>	Locke, G. Eugene	<i>Chester.</i>
Dix, Oscar B.	<i>Whitingham.</i>		
Doon, James W.	<i>Underhill.</i>		
Doon, Thomas	<i>Underhill.</i>		

Lovering, Daniel	<i>Stockbridge.</i>	
Manchester, Andrew J.	<i>Troy.</i>	
Marsh, Charles A.	<i>Bethel.</i>	
Martin, J. Harlow	<i>Berkshire.</i>	
Martin, Oramel	<i>Whitingham.</i>	
McDonald, Alexander	<i>Bridgewater.</i>	
Morse, Edwin	<i>Andover.</i>	
Morse, Edwin R.	<i>Newfane.</i>	
Moulton, J. C.	<i>Albany.</i>	
Moulton, Stillman	<i>Groton.</i>	
Nash, Vincent K.	<i>Jericho</i>	
Norton, Frank B.	<i>Bennington.</i>	
O'Gara, John	<i>Rutland.</i>	
O'Gara, Thomas	<i>Rutland.</i>	
Parker, Charles G.	<i>Wolcott.</i>	
Parker, Robert D.	<i>Bakersfield.</i>	
Patch, Albert	<i>Newfane.</i>	
Peabody, Bradford I.	<i>Chester.</i>	
Peabody, Charles H.	<i>Weston.</i>	
Peabody, Henry G.	<i>Chester.</i>	
Pinkham, Joseph	<i>Danville.</i>	
Potter, George B.	<i>Plymouth.</i>	
Prichard, George	<i>Bristol.</i>	
Quimby, Frank A.	<i>Thetford.</i>	
Randall, Alfred	<i>Greensboro.</i>	
Rawson, Charles B.	<i>Jamaica.</i>	
Rawson, Chandler D.	<i>Jamaica.</i>	
Rawson, Gilbert N.	<i>Jamaica.</i>	
Rawson, Harrison L.	<i>Jamaica.</i>	
Rawson, Joseph D.	<i>Jamaica.</i>	
Rawson, K. P.	<i>Jamaica.</i>	
Robinson, William L.	<i>Barre.</i>	
Rock, John L.	<i>Bakersfield.</i>	
Rogers, James S.	<i>Danby.</i>	
Russ, E. W.	<i>Woodstock.</i>	
Russ, James J.	<i>Hartland.</i>	
Sargent, Simon R.	<i>Brattleboro.</i>	
Sawyer, Frank	<i>West Fairlee.</i>	
Shattuck, James H.	<i>Bakersfield.</i>	
Shattuck, Moody E.	<i>Waterville.</i>	
Shattuck, Oliver P.	<i>Waterville.</i>	
Shepard, Constant	<i>Sharon.</i>	
Shultz, William H.	<i>St. Albans.</i>	
		<i>Jamaica.</i>
		<i>Windsor.</i>
		<i>Moretown.</i>
		<i>Wilmington.</i>
		<i>Waitsfield.</i>
		<i>Vergennes.</i>
		<i>Sharon.</i>
		<i>Northfield.</i>
		<i>Carendish.</i>
		<i>Sharon.</i>
		<i>St. Albans.</i>
		<i>Halifax.</i>
		<i>Halifax.</i>
		<i>Brattleboro.</i>
		<i>Fletcher.</i>
		<i>Eden.</i>
		<i>Ridgegate.</i>
		<i>Washington.</i>
		<i>Montpelier.</i>
		<i>Underhill.</i>
		<i>Hydepark.</i>
		<i>Chester.</i>
		<i>Chester.</i>
		<i>Burlington.</i>
		<i>Windsor.</i>
		<i>Reading.</i>
		<i>Shelburn.</i>
		<i>Whitingham.</i>
		<i>Whitingham.</i>
		<i>Jamaica.</i>
		<i>Cornwall.</i>
		<i>Shoreham.</i>
		<i>Middlesex.</i>
		<i>Waitsfield.</i>
		<i>Waitsfield.</i>
		<i>Grand Isle.</i>
		<i>Lyndon.</i>
		<i>Whiting.</i>
		<i>Woodstock.</i>
		<i>Jamaica.</i>
		<i>Colchester.</i>
		<i>Plymouth.</i>
		<i>Guilford.</i>

LADIES' LIST.

Ackley, C.	<i>Brattleboro.</i>	Jillson, Waity	<i>Whitingham.</i>
Alden, Jane B.	<i>Lyndon.</i>		
Allen, Mary C.	<i>Westmore.</i>	Kane, Mary E.	<i>Windsor.</i>
Ames, Mrs. H. H.	<i>Carendish.</i>	Knight, Cinnie	<i>Moretown.</i>
Atherton, Mrs. L. A.	<i>Ludlow.</i>		
Babbitt, Mrs. E.	<i>Londonderry.</i>	Lee, Mrs. Joseph	<i>Harrington.</i>
Baker, F. M.	<i>Reading.</i>	Lewis, Sarah W.	<i>Cowcrys.</i>
Barlow, Sibyl S.	<i>Hinesbury.</i>	Mellen, Mrs. D. L.	<i>Wardsboro.</i>
Bemis, Sarah L.	<i>Manchester.</i>	Merritt, Harriet A.	<i>Brattleboro.</i>
Blake, Mrs. A. F.	<i>Johnson.</i>	Merritt, Hattie M.	<i>Brattleboro.</i>
Blodgett, Lydia A.	<i>Middlesex.</i>		
Brabrook, Mrs. Wm. F.	<i>Hardwick.</i>	Norton, Jane C.	<i>Bennington.</i>
Briggs, Hattie L.	<i>Bristol.</i>	O'Gara, Jennie F.	<i>Rutland.</i>
Bruce, Mrs. A.	<i>Marlboro.</i>		
Burr, Mrs. F.	<i>Williston.</i>	Page, Jane A.	<i>Waterbury.</i>
Cox, L. A.	<i>Woodstock.</i>	Page, Mary B.	<i>Pondney.</i>
Crosby, Mrs. J. P.	<i>Brookfield.</i>	Parker, Lucia	<i>Chester.</i>
Cutler, Mrs. M. C.	<i>Charlotte.</i>	Proctor, Nellie M.	<i>West Fairlee.</i>
Dearborn, Mrs. W. F.	<i>Danville.</i>	Putnam, Mrs. C. P.	<i>Whitingham.</i>
Denny, Elizabeth D.	<i>Eden.</i>		
Fish, Sarah A.	<i>Clarendon.</i>	Rawson, Nellie M.	<i>Winhall.</i>
Gould, Julia	<i>Shrewsbury.</i>	Reynolds, Mrs. N. P.	<i>Manchester.</i>
Graham, Laura W.	<i>Jamaica.</i>	Roberts, Mrs. J. W.	<i>Manchester.</i>
Hadley, Cynthia A.	<i>Danville.</i>		
Hewett, Georgia C.	<i>Carendish.</i>	Smith, Harriet N.	<i>Brattleboro.</i>
Higgins, Mrs. W. S.	<i>Tunbridge.</i>	Stratton, Mrs. R. C.	<i>Newfane.</i>
Holcomb, Delia A.	<i>Bristol.</i>	Swan, Fannie L.	<i>Bradford.</i>
Holden, Sarah	<i>Winchester.</i>	Swan, Lizzie M.	
Holden, Mrs. Wm.	<i>Whitingham.</i>	Towne, Mrs. S. E.	<i>Springfield.</i>
Hyde, Mrs. S.	<i>Waterford.</i>		
James, Deborah	<i>Winchester.</i>	Webster, Mrs. C. C.	<i>Brookfield.</i>
Jenks, Mrs. S. B.	<i>Barnard.</i>	Wheeler, Mrs. D. M.	<i>Whitingham.</i>
		Wheeler, Mrs. J. S.	<i>Ludlow.</i>
		Willard, Mrs. A. D.	<i>Barnard.</i>
		Woodcock, Mrs. M. A.	<i>Milton.</i>
		Wyman, Mrs. Achsa	<i>Cavendish.</i>

APPENDIX.

THE ORIGIN OF STEAM NAVIGATION.

BY CLARK JILLSON.

SINCE the reunion of the sons of Vermont, in Worcester, a controversy has arisen in relation to an allusion in my address concerning the original inventor of Steam Navigation in this country.

In attempting to trace back one of the greatest enterprises of modern times, it is not enough to claim for its originator that he tried experiments relative thereto; but in order to justly give any man the credit of first putting in motion the forces causing or bringing about these great results, it must be shown that his experiments contained the essential elements of that grand culmination, the origin of which we seek to establish.

Experimental inventors have always been numerous, but experiment alone does not entitle anybody to much credit, unless a clear connection can be shown between it and some practical and useful result. John Fitch claimed to have made numerous discoveries in regard to steam navigation, and a stock company was formed to develop his ideas and methods, but, after many alterations and experiments, the whole project was abandoned by the stockholders, and the steamboat of John Fitch was never brought into practical use, nor is there any history showing that such a boat, emanating from his brain, ever existed, except in imagination. Fitch himself, in giving a description of his invention in the *Philadelphia Gazette*, says, "The cylinder *is to be* horizontal, and the steam to work with equal force at each end." The stockholders evidently discovered that the *is to be* boat was not likely to be in their day, and gave it up, and it never was. But the mystery thrown around the life of John Fitch and his experiments with and upon the steam engine, together with the fact that Robert Fulton and Chancellor Livingston's money actually developed the steamboat from a crude state into its present practical condition, has had a tendency to divert public attention from the original inventor, who, unfortunately, lived away from the great mart of trade, in what was then an almost unbroken wilderness.

However, the time is not far distant when history will accord to Capt. Samuel Morey, of Fairlee, Vermont, the honor of being the originator of steam navigation in America.

It has been claimed that Morey was not a Vermonter, and that the credit of his inventions belong to New Hampshire; but this is a mere technical matter, so long as he was not a native of either state, and was as thoroughly identified with Fairlee as with Orford, during his long and useful life.

Capt. Morey was a son of Gen. Israel Morey, who emigrated from Hebron Ct., to Orford, N. H., in October, 1765, and soon removed from that place to Fairlee, Vt., where he lived many years. Samuel was four years old when his father removed to Orford, and about eleven when he went to Fairlee. In this place he spent a large part of his life, and here he died in 1842. He was no accidental inventor, but his whole life was spent in study and experiment. After a long series of experiments upon heat and light, wherein he investigated, in a careful manner, the methods of manufacturing illuminating gas from water and other material, we find him in 1819, contributing some of the results of his experiments to *Silliman's Journal*, wherein he claims that a stove might be so constructed as to heat and light a house at the same time. He then had a stove in practical operation, which was, undoubtedly, one of the first in New England, if not in the country. Prof. Silliman says, in a foot note in his *Journal*: "I presume that no apology will be necessary for giving Mr. Morey's valuable communications entire. They are practical results of an ingenious, practical man, who, as he ingeniously states, 'having no pretensions to science, no chemical or philosophical apparatus, and little or no access to men of science, has spent most of his life in experiments.'"

Morey also contributed to the same journal an account of his work upon steam engines, wherein it appears that he was the first inventor of rotary engines having sufficient power for practical use. He also tried numerous experiments with heated air and demonstrated its practical use as a motive power.

Somebody has stated that "John Fitch, as early as 1785, commenced his steamboat projects," but all the evidence that can be produced to sustain this assertion, comes from Fitch himself, and was not known till his papers were opened thirty years after his decease, in accordance with a provision in his will. But Morey had been experimenting upon steamboats for more than ten years previous to this time. Besides, the boat constructed by Fitch was propelled by oars, the engine being attached to them, which is sufficient reason for its having been abandoned.

Morey used the wheel, and was the original inventor of that method of propelling boats in this country, and probably in the world. The following correspondence, in relation to this subject, will show both sides of the question, and give the reader an opportunity to judge of their merits:—

THE FIRST STEAMBOAT.

CORRESPONDENCE OF THE BOSTON JOURNAL.

HAVERHILL, Mass., Feb. 16, 1874.

In your report of the Green Mountain festival at Worcester, published Wednesday morning, Feb. 11, we find that the President of the Association, ex-Mayor Jillson, claims this honor for a Vermonter. He says Capt. Samuel

Morey, of Fairlee, was the first man to apply steam power to navigation, who, in 1792 applied steam to a small boat on the Connecticut river, and afterward on Fairlee pond.

He afterward exhibited his model in New York, in presence of Fulton and Livingston.

In 1858 the Rev. Cyrus Mann, of Orford, published an article in a Boston paper, wherein he says: "The first steamboat ever seen in American waters was invented by Capt. Samuel Morey."

Your readers may find some account of the invention of the steam engine and its application to navigation, in the Life of Nathan Read, published by Hurd & Houghton, 1870, and written by his nephew, David Read, who endeavors to establish the fact that his uncle was the *first* inventor of the multitubular boiler; and he also shows that he made an application for a patent on a method of propelling land carriages and boats by steam. The date of his petition was April 23, 1790. See page 151 and page 200. On page 37 we find the following statements:

"James Rumsey, a native of Maryland, and John Fitch, of Windsor, Conn., were the first in America who made the attempt to propel boats by steam. Page 38 we find that Rumsey tried his boat on the Potomac, at Bath, Berkeley county, Virginia, December, 1787. He had but very indifferent success, moved his boat but a short distance, and the river closing, his boat was laid up, and he made no further experiments with it. The next year he went to England to prosecute his steamboat projects, and suddenly died with apoplexy, as he was about to address a large audience at Liverpool upon the subject."

Farther on we quote:

"John Fitch, as early as 1785, commenced his steamboat projects. In 1787, John Fitch and his partner, Voight, constructed a boat 45 feet long and 12 feet beam; to this they applied oars moved by a steam engine, acquiring a speed of three miles an hour.

In 1788 a new boat was built, 60 feet long and 8 feet beam; the machinery was taken from the old and put in this, but paddle wheels, placed at the stern, were substituted for the oars, with which the previous boat was propelled.

This boat they run from Philadelphia to Burlington, a distance of twenty miles. This was the first trip of that distance made by a steamboat ever known in history, which was the last of July, or the first of August, 1788. In 1789 Fitch built another boat, having an engine with an 18-inch cylinder. After various trials and failures, this boat was finally brought to a speed of six miles per hour, and was run as a passenger boat between Philadelphia and Trenton, about three months during the year 1790."

Thus it will be seen, if the foregoing statements are correct, the steam engine had been successfully applied to the propulsion of boats anterior to Capt. Morey's experiments on the Connecticut and Fairlee pond, which, it seems, were in 1792. We have no desire to rob the Green Mountain Boys of any of their laurels, but that the honor of inventing steam navigation *first* belongs to them, looks at least somewhat doubtful. Possibly some of your numerous correspondents can give us further light upon this interesting question.

N. SPOFFORD.

THE FIRST STEAMBOAT.

CORRESPONDENCE OF THE BOSTON JOURNAL.

WORCESTER, Mass., Feb. 22, 1874.

My attention has been called to a letter published in your paper some days since in relation to a statement made in my address, to the Sons and Daughters of Vermont, at Worcester, Feb. 10, 1874, wherein I affirmed that Capt. Samuel Morey, of Fairlee, Vt., was the first man in this country to apply steam power to navigation.

The writer of this letter claims that James Rumsey and John Fitch were the original inventors of steam navigation, but well authenticated history does not sustain this proposition.

It is well known that John Fitch prepared a memoir of himself, including a history of his experiments in relation to steam, and that these papers were bequeathed to the Franklin Library in Philadelphia, with directions that they should be unsealed and perused thirty years from the time of his decease. At the appointed time they were opened and found to contain a detailed account of his life, together with the progress of his experiments in the application of steam to navigation.

From these papers—written by himself, concealed for a generation from public view, giving no opportunity for contemporaries to dispute any of the statements therein set forth—the history of John Fitch has been made up and presented to the world. It is clear by his own showing that his experiments did not amount to a success, and he stands before the world to-day simply as a claimant, relying upon his own assertions without corroboration.

It is said that James Rumsey pretended that he was the inventor of steam navigation and applied for a patent, but it was decided that he was not the original inventor and his application was rejected. This disposes of Mr. Rumsey.

There is no reliable historical evidence to show that Fitch was the inventor of steam navigation in this country, from the fact that the progress in that art cannot be traced back to him; but it can be traced to Robert Fulton, and from him directly to Capt. Samuel Morey, and nowhere else. It is settled beyond all question that Morey had launched his boat upon the waters of Vermont before Fulton had accomplished the same thing in New York. It is also a well established fact that Fulton visited Morey at Fairlee for the purpose of witnessing his successful experiments, before he (Fulton) had launched any kind of steam craft upon the waters; and it can be shown that Morey had been engaged in such experiments for years before, so that the first practical steamboat ever seen upon the waters of America was invented by Capt. Samuel Morey, the father of steam navigation, as we see it to-day. History shows conclusively that his rude boat was improved upon and developed directly into what we now admire as the modern steamboat, while the experiments of Rumsey and Fitch not only rest in oblivion, but they never added a single thought or suggestion to the genius of Fulton.

There is no doubt that Fitch was an inventor, and a man of consummate ability. The fact of his conceiving the idea of writing a history of his own life, claiming therein to be the original inventor of one of the grandest arts the world has ever known, and sealing up these statements for thirty years, till every contemporary was dead, thereby making his assertions the best evidence in existence of their own accuracy, was the scheme of no common man.

But this trick bears an unfavorable comparison with the quiet acts of the honest Vermonter, who has never uttered a word in his own behalf; but with characteristic generosity and nobleness of heart, unfolded his entire plan of steam navigation, wherein had culminated the labors of his life, to the shrewd denizen of Gotham, to be by him appropriated and handed down through the generations as his own invention.

CLARK JILSON.

The following letters,—one addressed to Judge Underwood, of Wells River, Vt., and the other to myself,—were written by an aged and much respected citizen of Fairlee, who has kindly permitted their publication in this connection:—

FAIRLEE, Vt., March 5th, 1874.

HON. A. UNDERWOOD:

Dear Sir:—I believe I once sent your uncle a copy of some records from the Patent Office, relating to certain patents taken out by Capt. Samuel Morey,

for "application of steam to navigation," in 1795, and so on up to the time that Fulton took out his first patent for the same thing. Now, dear Sir, as the records of the patent office have since been burned, if you can return those minutes, or a copy of them, I should be very much obliged. I think I sent you the letter I received from Mr. Willard or Wilcox. If they could have the original, they might be able to make oath to them as true copies.

The subject is creating considerable interest just now, and many are becoming convinced that Fulton stole his pretended invention from somebody. It will, I think, turn out that he stole it from Capt. Morey. Capt. Morey once told me and others that he went to New York before the year 1800, with a steam engine in the bow of a light boat, and made a trial of it in the presence of Fulton and Livingston, who told him if he would put the appliance on the sides of the boat, they would give him \$100,000 for it. Fulton could not wait for Morey to perfect the work, but came to Fairlee and Orford in the mean time, and Morey exhibited to him all his plans, whereupon he went home. When Morey went to New York with his model on the sides of the boat, Fulton and Livingston had got so far along as to repudiate the proposition they had formerly made.

In relating this incident to me, the Captain expressed the whole matter in a few words, as follows: "The 'cusses' had stolen my invention."

GEORGE A. MOREY.

FAIRLEE, Vt., March 10th, 1874.

HON. CLARK JILLSON:

Dear Sir:—Captain Samuel Morey was an uncle of mine, and I am happy to see that you take some interest in convincing the public that he was the inventor of steam navigation; and I also have a strong desire that Capt. Morey should have the honor of what I firmly believe belongs to him. I am eighty-two years old, and Capt. Morey's experiments on steam are among my first recollections. My father worked with him many years, and expected something handsome for his labor, and I well remember the mortification exhibited by the Captain, when it was found that Fulton had stolen the invention from him.

I remember that I went to see the Captain one day, and as I approached him, he laid down a paper he had been reading, and said the Fulton heirs were begging Congress again for more money, but they would have to wait till some of the members were dead, who knew that he (Morey) was the inventor, and that Fulton stole it from him. He said that in 1790, or thereabouts, he went to New York to see Fulton and Livingston, with whom he had been in correspondence some time, to show them his model of a steam engine he and my father had got up to be put in the bow of the boat. They admired it, and told him that if he would take it home and make the application on the side, they would give him \$100,000 for it. He came home, and while at work, Fulton came to see him, and was shown all he had done. When Morey had succeeded in making the application to the sides of the boat, he again went to New York, and propelled his boat at the rate of four miles per hour, which Fulton said could not be exceeded. "But," said Morey, "they made no talk about the \$100,000, and you know I would never beg; but they stole all I had done, at great expense, during years of toil and study."

I presume I am taxing your patience, but I was so glad to see the few words you published in the *Boston Journal*, justifying what you said at the reunion of Vermonters in Worcester, that I could not help expressing my gratitude for your sympathy, and I can assure you that all here who lived in Captain Morey's day, as much believe he was entitled to the honor of being the first man that put a steamboat upon American waters, as they believe they have an existence.

Yours most truly,

G. A. MOREY.

NATIVE VERMONTERS IN CONGRESS.

Five Senators and thirteen Representatives in the Forty-third Congress, claim Vermont as their place of birth,—a fair allowance, we think all will say, both in numbers and in weight of influence, for so small a State. They are as follows:—

STEPHEN W. DORSEY, Senator from Arkansas, was born in Benson, Vt., Feb. 28, 1842.

JOHN A. KASSON, of the Seventh Iowa district, was born near Burlington, Vt., Jan. 11, 1822.

GEORGE WILLARD, of the Third Michigan district, was born in Bolton, Vt., March 20, 1824.

AARON A. CRAGIN, Senator from New Hampshire, was born in Weston, Vt., February 3, 1821.

ROBERT S. HALE, of the Seventeenth New York district, was born at Chelsea, Vt., Sept. 24, 1822.

H. BOARDMAN SMITH, of the Twenty-eighth New York district, was born at Whitingham, Vt., August 18, 1826.

WALTER L. SESSIONS, of the Thirty-second New York district, was born at Brandon, Vt.

BARBOUR LEWIS, of the Ninth Tennessee district, was born at Alburgh, Vt., in 1824.

GEORGE F. EDMUNDS, Senator from Vermont, was born at Richmond, Vt., February 1, 1828.

JUSTIN S. MORRILL, Senator from Vermont, was born at Strafford, Vt., April 14, 1810.

CHARLES W. WILLARD, of the First district, was born at Lyndon, Vt., June 18, 1827.

LUKE P. POLAND, of the Second district, was born in Westford, Vt., Nov. 1, 1815.

GEORGE WHITMAN HENDEE, of the Third district, was born in Stowe, Vt., Nov. 30, 1832.

WILLIAM H. H. STOWELL, of the Fourth Virginia district, was born at Windsor, Vt., July 26, 1840.

MATTHEW H. CARPENTER, Senator from Wisconsin, was born in Moretown, Vt., in 1824.

J. ALLEN BARBER, of the Third Wisconsin district, was born at Georgia, Vt.

CHARLES A. ELDRIDGE, of the Fifth Wisconsin district, was born at Brattleboro, Vt., February 27, 1821.

PHILETUS SAWYER, of the Sixth Wisconsin district, was born at Whiting, Vt., September 22, 1816.

May 29 1874

RBW

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



0 013 984 922 A